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INTERNATIONAL

club

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VOLUME 16 NUMBER 12

THE BOTTOM LINE: NIKKI GETS DOWN TO IT

THE CLUB INTERVIEW ALAIN PROST

FANCY A BIT OF THE UDDER?

SEE PAGE 12!

SNAP! WE SHOOT YOUR GIRL

THE GENTLE TOUCH

WPc ON THE JOB

R

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Centre(spread) of attention

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TEASE!

THIS·MONTH·IN·CLUB

It's a right joke, basically, this bit. The Editor says: "You're writing that rubbish up front this month," and here we sit and try to churn out something readable about what's in this issue, and then at the last minute he bloody changes it all around.

Well, he's not pulling that one on *me*. No way, Jack. We in the accounts department have got a bit more suss than that, thank you. The bastard may have ordered us to write this, but it doesn't mean he's going to like what he gets. So here is my alternative, no risk, completely accurate guide to what's in this issue.

First of all, there's quite a lot of girls (pretty safe one, that). They come from all over the country, and one or two of them might have come from abroad if some foreign photographers bought the Editor lunch recently. You can read about where they do come from later on in the magazine. The main thing is (even we in the accounts dept have to admit) they don't half look like goers. Well, I'd give 'em one anyway, and I'm the fussy type.

Then there's all those stupid articles up the front of the mag (this is a pretty safe bet too, he always puts those in). The one I really don't get is that *O'Reilly* thing over on the right there. I mean, what a load of crap! I'd sack him for that alone, myself.

Then there'll be some big name interview (not so sure of this). It might be a singer or a comedian or a racing driver, something like that. Which is all very well if you like a singing Alain Prost who tells jokes, I suppose.

What else? Well there's all that real dirt that usually starts round about page 61, which personally is my favourite bit. I mean, anything that can give you a hard-on from one month to the next has got to be what this business is about, right? He'll put more of this stuff in if he wants to keep his job, mark my words.

Then there'll be some nice filthy fiction, and that *Shoot Your Girl* stuff, and the video reviews which are pretty good if like me you like a good bit of porn with your takeaway.

Mind you, he'll probably change all this completely about 3.7 seconds before the mag's due to be printed, so everything I've written will be a complete waste of space. I'd get on with the magazine if I was you. I'm just praying that he doesn't mess about with that set of the girl with the big wotsits, which he had said was starting on page 11. Just check and see if she's still there. If she is, I'm gonna be a happy man. – *Len from Accounts* ♣

One step to Heaven – or from here to page 33

Hmmm . . . dunno if the blue socks really go with that outfit, Nikki

Is good! Is highly shaggable! Is wonderful body! Isabelle!

"If you don't look at my pictures on page 52, I'll pull my T-shirt down"

It's all right – the hole's supposed to be there (and on page 24)

Page 11 for positively two of the mightiest Zeppelins you're ever likely to cast your beadies on

O'REILLY'S BOOK OF RECORDS

Guten tag, bonjour, buenos dias, ko nichi wa, shalom, and top of the morning to you all. Welcome once again to the astounding, insane and sometimes shocking world of *O'Reilly's Book of Records*, where we prove that people do the funniest things and Jeremy Beadle is a prat.

Firstly, then, details of the **GREATEST DISTANCE TRAVELLED BY A WOMAN IN POSSESSION OF A PAIR OF SUPERMARKET CARRIER BAGS**. Russian officials have claimed this record for Mrs Gorbachev, famous beauty and wife of the Soviet premier. After her famous visit to a Cricklewood supermarket on the last day of her English tour, she reportedly did not let go of the Tesco's bags until her Aeroflot plane touched down in Leningrad. However, this cannot be verified, since it's well known that Russian officials are a bunch of pathological liars.

The record therefore still resides with "lady of the road" Ms Doris Smelly, who has recorded 3,000 miles around Britain with her pair of Shopper's Paradise extra-strong bags, originally purchased in Kettering.

The record for **THE MOST WATER DISPLACED BY A PAIR OF TESTICLES** is held by Benedictine monk Brother Vladimir Pzoczi, aged 97, from Kracow, Poland. Brother Vladimir has abstained from sex since the age of 14, but due to an unfortunate medical condition is unable to expel sperm. As a result his testicles now weigh 28 lbs, and are constantly suspended in a water tank to avoid discomfort. At his latest change of water, Brother Vladimir broke his own record by displacing 27.6 pints.

Popular singer and charity organiser Bob Geldof is rumoured to have very large testicles, but is not known to have immersed them in water recently.

THE POP GROUP WITH THE LOWEST SALES OUTSIDE THE MIDDLE EAST is the Islamic quintet, Koran Koran. The fab five of Allah sold no more than three copies of the debut album *Jihad* in the West, in spite of its being banned by the BBC. A spokesman for the Corporation commented: "Even if Mr Reagan is an inept simian and Mrs Thatcher a hissing she-devil, it is impolite to say so."

After their tremendous failure in the West, Koran Koran converted to Judaism and became the highly popular pop/rock group Happy Hymie and his Kosher Pickles.

THE HIGHEST VELOCITY ZIT-BURST trophy sits proudly in the bathroom cabinet of teenager Zeno Pfeiffer, from Richmond, Yorkshire. Pfeiffer carefully nursed the champion pimple over a period of 27 days, to a final diameter of 1¾ inches. Zeno finally burst the pimple on to an O'Reilly-approved pressure plate, which measured a force of 42 lbs per square inch.

And finally, news just in from the ongoing World Lager-Snorting Championships, being held this decade on Merseyside, that Sean Burke is on line for a new world record. Burke's momentous feat was performed at the Skewered Boar pub, where he snorted 15 pints of Hofmeister between the hours of six and 11pm. Burke later denied allegations that he had sneezed out much of the lager on visits to the gents.

Well, that about wraps it up for what we hope has been another pleasurable tour round the vaults of *O'Reilly's Book of Records*. Until next month, ciao, au revoir, sayonara, auf weidersehn, have a nice day – and bottom of the morning to you all!

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Towelling up

I was in the bath the other night reading Vol 16 No 6, when I got to *Nightcap* on page 95. I read the first couple of paragraphs and it mentioned a bloke putting a bath towel on his hard-on to see how strong it was. His could only take one, so when I finished fantasizing over all the gorgeous cunts in the mag and my prick was real stiff and long, I dried and put the damp towel on my prick and it took it easily. So, I put another on and a damp hand towel as well. My prick only sagged about half an inch. Have I got an extra-strong prick (which I know I have) or is this bloke a real wimp?

Richard, London

A Little Stiffness?

I dare not put my full name and address as I am a nurse at a local hospital, but you may print this letter if you wish. My boyfriend takes Club regularly and I have read the letters from readers and so am prompted to give you one of my own experiences.

I was looking after (among others, of course) a young man who had been badly burnt in a road smash. He was pretty well bandaged up (including his hands), so he had to be fed by one of the nurses, also washed and new ointment, etc applied each day. Normally, two of us would be at his bedside at these times but owing to staff shortage, I was on my own. He was moved to a private ward and I had the job of seeing to his needs.

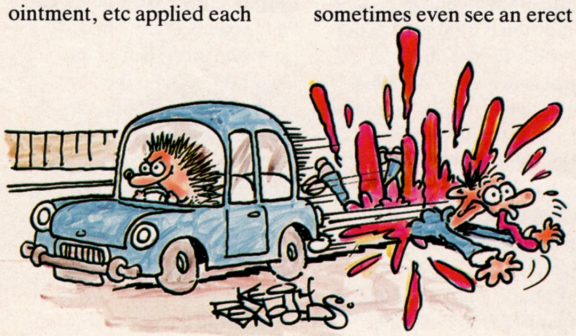
One morning when attending to the dressings on his legs, I saw that he had an erection. The next morning he had an erection, and also the morning after that. He said: "So sorry, nurse, I just can't help it." I passed it off with a joke. "Never mind, I'll get your girlfriend in to relieve you," I said.

Glumly, he replied: "She wouldn't touch me if I was bursting." I don't really know what came over me then, but I drew the curtains around so I couldn't be seen from the door, and left a gap by his head so he could look out. "Keep your eye on the door and warn me if Sister or anyone else comes in," I said.

I spread a towel on the bed and, taking his erection in my hand, I quickly brought him the relief he needed, catching his semen in the towel.

I did this for him on two more occasions before I was put on another shift in another ward. A funny thing about it is that I had great pleasure myself doing this. We see men's penises quite often in our job and sometimes even see an erect one, but this is the only time I took one in my hand and gave the patient a wank. As I said, I enjoyed doing it and I can truthfully say this man had one of the best I have ever seen. I believe that it was not far short of eight inches in length.

Margaret, Tewkesbury



Thanks a Bunch

My husband, who regularly reads your magazines, works away for weeks at a time. So, having time on my hands, I began reading them, too. I just couldn't believe at first that people do the things that I read about, as we have always been happy together, and it has never occurred to me to do anything apart from Doug – even playing with myself.

I have to admit, the articles stimulated me so much, I began to wonder what it would be like to go with a lot of men. We have a lot of sex toys which I was having to use a great deal, at all times of the day and night. Once, when coming home from shopping, I stopped at a lonely place on a country road and had to work myself off with the cucumber I had bought to go with the salad. I now regularly use it, as it's quite a lot bigger than Doug's prick. Doug loves to watch me with these giants inside me as I work away with them.

Anyway, one weekend when I was on my own, my desires got the better of me so I went to the local disco. On Friday night it's for over 25s. There were a group of blokes drinking at the bar, about ten of them in all, so I went up to them and said: "Wouldn't you all prefer to be screwing me than wasting your time drinking?" You should have seen their faces; they followed me out like hungry dogs chasing a cat. At home, I already had a mattress on the floor in the lounge, so I told them all to undress. I stripped off at the same time.

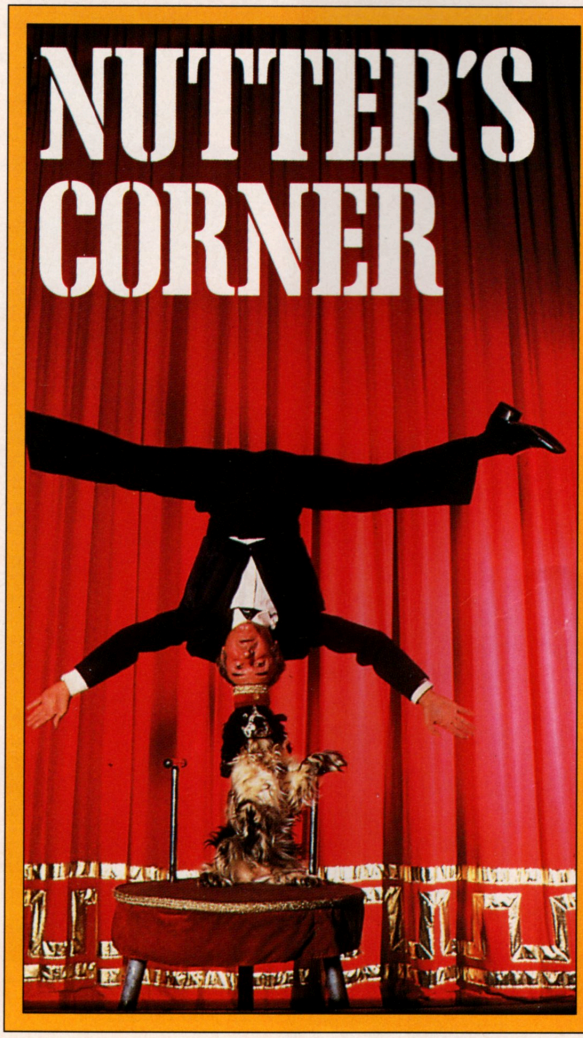
I lay down and, one by

Top Ten Corner

1 Dee Hepburn (actress)
2 Heather Locklear (actress)
3 Jayne Irving (TV presenter)
4 Susan Penhaligon (actress)
5 Ginger Lynn (porn star)
6 Caroline Righter (TV presenter)
7 Debee Ashby (model)
8 Fiona Armstrong (newsreader)
9 Lucinda Green (three-day eventer)
10 Wincey Willis (weather girl)

Les H., Tyne & Wear

NUTTER'S CORNER



What's this dog doing with a man stuck on his head? Well, by the look on its face, probably thinking, "I wish he would get the fuck *off* my head."

The dog squatter in question is a German magician called Roy, who along with his partner Siegfried, specialises in "multiple illusions of man and beast". They're a sort of cross between Paul Daniels and Johnny Morris – pulling wildebeeste out of a hat, sloth swallowing, stuff like that.

Famed on the cabaret circuit throughout Europe and afar, Siegfried and Roy have also proved popular with the Hollywood party set, whose social shebangs are apparently incomplete without sex and drugs and S'n'R.

Says Roy: "We rehearse and train the animals daily.

"We plan to make our performance the most unusual and startling magic and animal act in the world," adds Siegfried.

And finally a word from the dog: "I wish he would get the fuck off my head."

I understand securing this position is extremely important to you, Miss Bates?

one, they fucked me. It was glorious. As they came inside me, I wiped the spunk with my hand and brought it into my mouth and then licked their cocks dry again. And so it went on, all through the night, all of them taking it in turn. First they'd fuck me, then I would suck their cocks. They started about 11pm Friday and by about 8am Saturday morning, they were completely done. I cooked them breakfast and sent them off home.

It was the best fucking night of my life, for it was a first in many ways for me; it was the first time I've been gang-banged, and the first time I have swallowed spunk, all of which I am looking forward to doing again soon. But this time I want the boys to use my Polaroid camera so I can have a record of it.

I told Doug what I had done when he got back on the Sunday. All it did was to give him a giant hard-on, and he said he wished he'd been around to watch me being fucked rotten. The thought of Doug watching me being screwed left, right and centre – and it being photographed – makes me randy as hell.

So I can see our sex lives being changed out of all recognition – for the better, I may add. I have my fingers between my legs as I write thinking of all those cocks in my mouth and up my cunt. Tonight wouldn't be too soon.

Peggy T, Milton Keynes

P.S. – I'd love to appear in your mag nude. How about it? Just put a note at the bottom of this letter if you wish to publish.

Send in those pictures, Peggy. But have a bath first – Ed.

Fat Chance

Although I think Club is the best mag on the market, there is just one thing I would love to see, and I am sure I am not alone: why don't you show us some pics of full-bodied (fat) girls? There's nothing I like better than to bury my face in a big pussy while holding on to a big fat arse. So come on Ed, get the finger out and show us a bit of meat!

– Davie, Glasgow

I don't know about fat, but if you want big *just turn to page 11.*

Matters in Hand

I have just moved into a new house with my boyfriend Pete, which we are buying together. We had been going out together for two years before we left home and we had a good sex life. Now that we are living with each other it has improved immensely due to the discovery I made the week we moved in.

It happened one day when Pete had two days off work to do some decorating. The second day I decided to tell my boss I had a headache and ask if I could leave work early. I got home about two o'clock. I went indoors to find paint pots everywhere but no Pete. I went upstairs to change and in the

continued on page 8

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Ding dong! Come Again calling. Remember this lady from . . . oooh . . . ages ago? Well it would seem quite a few of you do, 'cos Frankie (for that is her name) appears to be mega popular. Ever since her first appearance in Club, way back in Volume 16 No 2, when Stephen Bleach was still in Pampers and Glenn Miller took the last plane to oblivion and the dinosaurs still roamed the earth, Frankie has been inundated with a steady flow of fan mail.

At the last count she had received 6,889.324 letters (approx) begging her to re-appear in these hallowed pages. Not bad going when you consider that it was the first time she's ever done any glamour modelling. Back then she was worried about what her boyfriend would think of her saucy pictures. Well, we asked her, what *was* his reaction?

"He loved it. He was completely bowled over by the whole thing. He showed it to all his mates at work and I became their pin-up girl. It was like being a mini celebrity."

Well, Frankie has certainly

achieved celebrity status as far as Club readers are concerned. Our bulging post bag will testify to that, as will thousands of other bulges around the country.

So here she is, the lady who keeps her shoes on in bed (and nice spikey ones at that), back for second helpings.

If you'd like to see more of your favourite model, just keep sending in the votes and we'll do our best to arrange a re-match. Please send in a sticky envelope to Come Again, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Remember everything you send will be forwarded to the girl in question, they can't get enough mail. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

bedroom I was surprised to see something which, at 19, I had never seen before. Pete was lying on the bed, starkers, wanking with a copy of Club. I found this a great turn on and asked him to explain himself. He said he had always bought Club International (I had never seen a girlie mag before) and greatly enjoyed wanking while he read it.

Now, when we aren't fucking, I often get him to take his clothes off, get his mags out and wank. I love watching him tossing his seven-inch cock while he flicks through, but I never touch him, which gets him frustrated, but I know he's turned on by me watching. I usually catch him when he's had a hot bath, because his balls are really saggy and seem to reach his knees. I've had him wanking in all sorts of positions and won't let him come until I say so. After an especially long wank, I squeeze his balls as a reward and he sends spunk flying left, right and centre.

I'll have to go now because Pete's prick is going red at the end. I shaved his balls earlier and can see they're at bursting point. What I really wrote to you for was to ask if any other of your readers like watching their partners wank, and if so I would really like some ideas on how I can keep Pete wanking in new ways and make him have the sorest cock in the South.
– Kay H., Hants

Ginger Nut

I think your magazine gets better and better. Ginger in Vol 16 No 6 was incredible.

One way to boost your circulation would be to show a photoset of stills from *Gentlemen Prefer Ginger* with black censor dots over the illegal parts.

Another idea would be to publish extracts from Henry Miller's *Opus Pistorum*. It's the best written porn in existence.

Yours hopefully,
A new Club Reader.
We'll try to fit both ideas in soon . . . – Ed

Track'tive

My Top 10 are:
1 Florence Griffith (athlete)
2 Valerie Briscoe-Hookes (athlete)
3 Joan Baptiste (athlete)
4 Tessa Sanderson (athlete)
5 Merlene Ottey (athlete)
6 Evelyn Ashford (athlete)
7 Shirley Strong (athlete)
8 Grace Jackson (athlete)
9 Heike Dreschler (athlete)
10 All the athletes of every women's national team in the world, from 100 metres to 400 metres, including both short and long hurdles, and long jump.

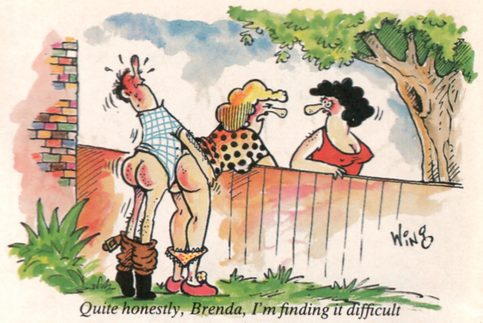
Don't want much, do I?

I know that the Top Ten is never taken seriously by you, we never see any of the girls listed, but I beg you on bended knees (which incidently is making it bloody awkward writing this letter) to try and feature at least some of the girls I've listed, as I think they are the epitome of womanhood, fantastic, marvellous, beautiful too. I've been ogling, leering at, lusting over, climbing up the wall, going out of my mind over Joan Baptiste, for one, for a long time now. You couldn't fix me up with a date could you?

The feature, I suggest, could be an article on women's athletics with lots of information about the girls, plus pictures. Naturally I would like to see nude pics, ("Oh yeah, I bet you would, you and 2½ billion other blokes," I hear you say). I wouldn't expect open crotch shots, or bending-over ones, just straight-up full frontal, and full back pics. (Go on, say it: "Is *that* all?")

I doubt very much whether any of the girls would pose for those sort of shots. However, if they agreed, let's see them. The realistic hope is that they will agree to be photographed fully nude, perhaps in the changing room scene. If, however, they will not agree to be photographed fully nude, how about bras and thongs, so they can show those wonderful bums off? If not that, then let's see them in their skimpiest running gear with their knickers or leotards riding high up on their arses so that a lot of buttocks are hanging out, the way they are when they finish a race (when the bleedin' TV cameraman so often, infuriatingly, keeps his sodding camera waist high until the girls have adjusted their cossies). I know they wouldn't object to that as they would only be showing to your readers what they already show on the running track.

Come on you lot, think of a bloke's sanity, not to mention my wallpaper bill because I'm constantly climbing the walls. So do try and include Joan Baptiste, (sigh) Florence Griffith (ooh) and Merlene Ottey (ooooh, squelch).
– JD, Romford



Quite honestly, Brenda, I'm finding it difficult to satisfy Eric

Tracey Mania!

In response to your letter published in Vol 16 No 8 from Tracey of Lincoln, I would like to tell you of my experience centred around this lady and August 10th at 8pm.

As suggested I retired to the loo about 8pm on the 10th with my current issue of Club and an immense hard-on. Having read Tracey's letters many times that day I had been bursting to shove my hard cock into her each and every way possible.

A few minutes passed of flicking through your magazine as my excitement and climax increased. I suddenly found the bathroom door opening and standing there was Jackie, my brother's gorgeous girlfriend, dressed in a skin-tight short dress with buttons all down the front.

I was just about to cover up my embarrassment (which would have been quite hard to do) and to blabber feeble excuses when she took another step closer to me and shut the door.

Slowly and provocatively she undid the buttons on her dress one by one. Before I could say anything she whispered that Guy, my brother, a manager of a local newsagent's, had been called away as the shop had been broken into by burglars. He would be a couple of hours at least with the police, and the house was now empty.

Jackie stood there naked, her body tanned all over except for a small triangle. Her breasts were large and her nipples were the largest I have ever seen. She walked over to me and stood next to me. My cock had now regained all of its size after the shock of being interrupted. She engulfed it in her hands. As my mouth met hers our tongues entwined; I felt like I was going to explode. I didn't have to wait long. As I touched her sopping wet fanny with two fingers her lips opened up and I was pulled into her. Jackie began to scream with pleasure, my eight inches filling her to the brim. She began to climax countless times and I wasn't very far behind her in delivering what felt like gallons of hot spunk.

The next half hour was spent reviving each other to a high state of sexual arousement before having sex, doggy fashion. Before long, we'd both urged each other on to the most fantastic climaxes we'd had during this session.

After we had finished I asked her how she knew I was in the bathroom and she told me that she and Guy had been planning to celebrate Tracey's letter in his

continued on page 18

***Ginger Nut:** Ms Lynn knows all about black dots . . .*

PINKY AND PERKY

Question: What's pink, wrinkled and hangs out your trousers? Answer: Your mum.

Which has absolutely nothing to do with the picture above (I hope). Fact is, we just found this shot at the bottom of the Editorial drinks cabinet and we've got no idea where it came from, who owns the Dulux-covered bits, or who was the lucky Leonardo who got his hands on them. Which is where you come in.

Tell us (a) who owns the tits and (b) who owns the mitts and we'll send you a stunning prize – yes, the famous Club International T-shirt!

Personally designed for us by Yves St Laurent (*this is a lie – Ed.*), this much sought-after garment comes guaranteed free from pink paint marks.

We're giving five – yes five! – of these little marvels away for the five entries that make us chuckle (no suggestions of Nancy and Ronnie, please. We don't want to start a war). Send your nomination, however libellous, to Pink Boobs, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The Editor's decision is final, and offers of large sums of money will do you no good at all, chum. ♣

LEWDO

ARE·YOU·SEXIST?

In these radfem-women's-lib-anything-with-a-pair-of-bollocks-is-a-complete-bastard days you have to be more than a little tactful how you approach the opposite sex. Are you a liberal, equal opps sort of guy or are you an out and out sexist? Here's one way of finding out which side your brain's buttered (or something like that) . . .

1 You see a really nice looking girl in the street. Your immediate thought is:
(a) Hmm, not bad . . .
(b) I wonder what she's like to talk to
(c) I wonder what she looks like with no clothes on
(d) I'd love to fuck her
(e) Chocolate biscuit

2 You're out for a stroll in the park and you notice a buxom blonde jogging towards you. Your eyes focus on:
(a) Her flaxen hair blowing in the breeze
(b) Her nice T-shirt
(c) The nice bobbly contents of her T-shirt
(d) The crutch of her tight shorts
(e) Chicken and cashew nuts with special fried rice

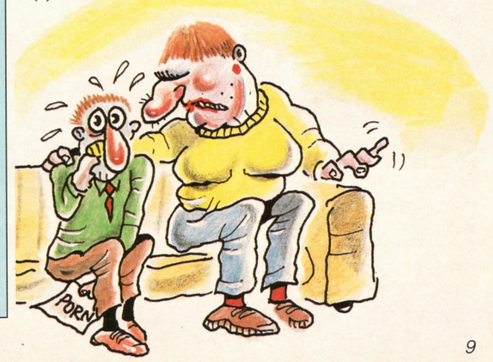
3 Your pet name for your wife/girlfriend is something like:
(a) Blossom
(b) Honey
(c) Baby
(d) Bitch
(e) Egg-timer

4 You've just been promoted and you are now entitled to have your own secretary. The agency sends round a selection of candidates. Which of the following are you most likely to choose?
(a) The ultra keen (but plain looking) school leaver
(b) The four-eyed fattie with excellent references
(c) The quietly efficient greying old lady
(d) The thick, mini-skirted supertart with the blowjob smile
(e) A bag of cheese and onion crisps

5 A feminist friend asks you if you read any pornographic magazines. You are likely to reply:
(a) "I've seen them, but would never actually buy one"
(b) "Errrrrrrrrrmmmmm . . . no"
(c) "Errrrrrrrrrrmmmm . . . yes"
(d) "Fucking right I do"
(e) "Moules Marinieres"

6 Your idea of a good night out is:
(a) Going to a wine bar to find a girl and indulging in some soul searching conversation, in order to get to know her better
(b) Going to the Labour Party social club to discuss something idealogically sound with a lesbian, in order to understand her political stance
(c) Going to a disco to pull anything with a pair of bosoms, in order to get your hands on said funbags
(d) Going to a pub with the sole intention of grunting a stream of cheap cracks at anything that smells vaguely female, in order to bonk the buttocks off her/it
(e) Place in a pre-heated oven at Gas Mark 6/400°F until brown

7 When you talk about sexual intercourse do you refer to it as:
(a) Making love
(b) Doing rudies
(c) Rogering
(d) Stoking
(e) Flash-frying



8 Your attitude towards women is:
(a) Pamper them
(b) Enjoy them
(c) Love them
(d) Fuck'em and leave'em
(e) Not in those shoes

9 To you, Maria Whittaker is:
(a) An intelligent, pretty, Page Three personality with big tits
(b) A pretty Page Three personality with big tits
(c) A Page Three personality with big tits
(d) Big tits
(e) Francis the weatherman

10 You know a girl who sleeps around. Do you refer to her as:
(a) A good time girl
(b) An independent woman
(c) A bike
(d) An old shag bag
(e) Hold the onions

CONCLUSIONS

Still awake? Well, how did you do? Simply add up the number of a's, b's, c's and so on and then refer to the character assessments below:

Mainly a: You're a nice liberal guy. You like girls with hairy armpits and consider women your superiors. See a psychiatrist.
Status: Anti-sexist
Mainly b: Still a nice guy, although bristly armpits bring you out in a rash. Women are good fun to be with, and you have many girl friends (as opposed to girlfriends). You're making life a bit difficult for the rest of us.
Status: Non-sexist
Mainly c: Not quite so nice when it comes to treating the ladies. You fancy yourself a bit, although you never really take yourself that seriously. Women are desirable bedpartners first, and everything else second.
Status: Semi-sexist
Mainly d: Your brains are in your bollocks and your knob's a heat-seeking missile. To you women are a convenient place to park your willy.
Status: Well sexist
Mainly e: You have mistaken women for food. Go back and start again. ♣

FOUL·PLAY

Lumpy testicles! ***U Watt*** *can't play rugby, so he's made a load of bad jokes about it. Pathetic, really.*

"Rugby is a game played by gentlemen with funny-shaped balls," sniggered the sticker in the rear window of the Cortina. This is not funny, but it is a fact. Due to a combination of heavy physical aggression and a complete lack of regard for their own human form, rugby players in general boast the most mis-shapen array of testicles known to science. What with the constant biting, punching and raking that goes on as soon as anyone hits the deck, it's not surprising that very few players come out with their tackle intact.

Rugby is renowned for its psychopaths and the most horrific example of the ilk has surely to be Don Sweet, the lunatic who used to take to the field armed with a simple pair of nut-crackers, concealed somewhere about his person (Nutcracker Sweet, they used to call him). As a forward he was constantly involved in the pile-ups that masquerade as rucks and mauls and it was on one such occasion that he found himself face-to-face with a typically mutated pair of gonads, untethered by jockstrap or thigh-bandage. A wicked leer spread like cancer across his face as he carefully positioned his nut-crackers around one of the stray testes and proceeded to squeeze. As play moved to another part of the field, Sweet was left writhing on the ground alone. The verdict: involuntary suicide.

But what makes this story all the more extraordinary is that, off the field, Sweet was a mild-mannered biologist with three adopted children and a keen interest in rabbits. Just what is it about rugby that can turn a kind, gentle man into a wild-eyed, blood-thirsty monster, capable, nay, eager to inflict the most excruciating pain on his fellow man? I decided to investigate.

It is common knowledge that the game originated a long time ago at a school called Rugby which was, at that time, a notorious breeding ground for cheats. One such cheat was a lad by the name of William Webb Ellis. One legendary afternoon, finding himself on the wrong end of a 2-0 scoreline with five minutes to go in a school soccer match, Ellis, casual as you like, picked up the ball and carried it into the opposition net where he placed it firmly on the ground, turned and ran back to his own half, arms aloft, claiming a goal. The referee immediately decked him for "taking the piss" (an offence wisely enshrined in the rule book at the time) and sent him off for an early bath, but despite this, Ellis was elevated to heroic pioneer status by his games teacher. The great man saw the potential in his actions, refined them into game form, drew up a list of rules and flogged the whole package to visiting schools for two guineas a time (a lot of money in those days).

A common view of the modern game is that it is merely an excuse for grown men to get violent, drunk and act like little kids while singing songs like *Magic Moments*, a catchy number with verses like:

I went to the park and just for a lark I pissed on the flowers

I sat on a bench and fingered a wench for hours and hours . . .

This, of course, is true. And why not? In the course of my investigations, I came across several such sing-songs and, after a jar or two, found myself joining in enthusiastically with the air:

My one skin lies over my two skin

My two skin lies over my three

My three skin lies over my foreskin

Oh pull back my foreskin for me.

To the tune of *My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean,* if you fancy having a go.

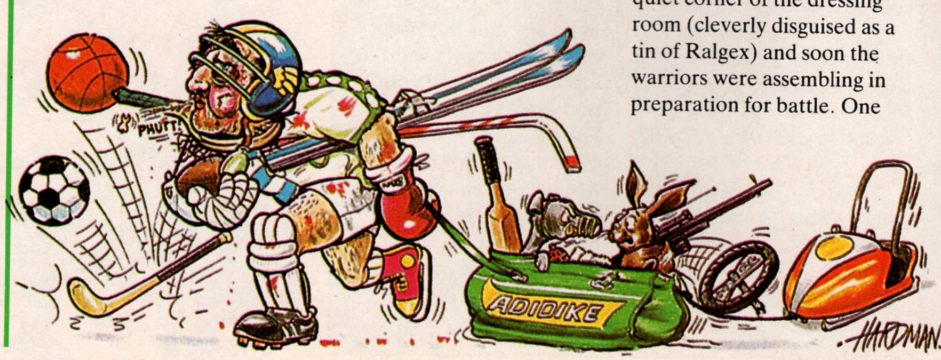
But, while I found the social aspect enjoyable, it did not provide me with an explanation for the atrocities that took place every week on the field of play. I decided I would have to follow the course of events that make up the build-up, play and aftermath of a game.

I positioned myself in a quiet corner of the dressing room (cleverly disguised as a tin of Ralgex) and soon the warriors were assembling in preparation for battle. One by one, trolleys were dropped and heavy-duty jockstraps were donned to gather up those mutant glands. Conversation was of wives, girlfiends and boozing; nothing out of the ordinary. But once everybody was in full kit, a chilling silence fell upon the stone-walled room. The captain, a good-looking if somewhat squat young man with dark hair and striking features, inserted his gum-shield and instantly took on the appearance of Mr Hyde. Within seconds the whole team of 15 was running on the spot and counting to ten very loudly. This was followed by a series of arm waving exercises and a lot more shouting. And then they were gone. A motley crew of Gibbons, Gorillas and Yetis, all led by Mr Hyde out into the cold, damp winter afternoon. "Strange!" I thought to myself as I removed my disguise.

By the time I arrived at the touchline the game had started. The crowd around me were focusing their attention on a smelly, brown heap, steaming in the middle of the pitch. "I'll kill that bloody dog," cursed the linesman as he shovelled the offending article into his bucket and the poor, unfortunate outside centre who had first discovered it called for the magic sponge. The game soon resumed and more knackers were punched out of shape. Dinky 5'6" scrum halves squared up to 6'8" second-row forwards and were duly clubbed to the ground. Someone shouted "Shitface" as he dragged the outside centre into a ruck and emerged with his nose spread across his face.

When it was all over these men who had been merrily kicking seven kinds of shit out of each other were now shaking hands and shouting (they always shout, rugby players) "Hip Hip Hooray!"

Later, as I stood on my bar stool, surrounded by drunkards, with a pint of Real Ale on my head and singing something about the Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter's pubic hair, I racked my brains for a conclusion to my investigations, but to no avail. I dropped my trousers and raised my glass to rugby. ♣



Lucy

Fancy a bit of the udder . . . ? Well look no further, 'cos here's juicy Lucy, the well-hung cowhand with more than a few pints to spare!

It's a hard life lugging all those sloppy buckets round all

Photographs by Michael Jutzler

day, and what better place to wind down and cool off than a draughty old barn. "I love the farmyard, the smells, the sounds, and especially the animals," sighs Lucy, lying back and peeling off a few more of her clothes. Is this what's known as a cow *shed*, we ask? Who cares? All we do know is that Lucy's well suited to her role (*sic*) in the hay. ♣

Cars are an emotive subject – why else would at least one American woman have married her Cadillac, and another one chosen to be buried in her Ferrari? The fact is that you are what you drive, and my heartfelt commiserations to the Skoda Owners' Club.

Like it or not – everyone, from the tired old hippy in his *Flower Power not Nuclear Power* lemon-yellow Citroen to the City Whizz in his E-reg Porsche, is using his car to make a statement about himself. Those Skoda owners, for example, are probably saying something like: "Help me, please."

Few people are interested in having a simple A-to-B mobile. Instead, most of us fork out a not-so-small fortune in order to have cars that say more about us than cash or a bus pass ever can. So it doesn't take a brain the size of a planet to realise that selling cars is all about selling style – but what exactly *is* style?

One thing's for sure, it's not simply about speed and power. We have all seen those squads of impotent Arab playboys plying up and down Park Lane in their colour-coded Lambos, yet no one could accuse them of being stylish. But what about another of their number, the King of Somewhere Hot & Sandy, who has a small green 1960s Mini? Now that shows promise. A good car needs a lot more than horsepower: multiple camshafts, triple-

IN AR

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bottom, bottom, buttocks, buttocks – boy do I love bums. I could sit here all day and just say the word bum until it came out of my ears. But then who wants an ear for an arsehole? *Me*, that's who.

In fact I wish I was a bum. I couldn't think of anything nicer than being a nice pert bum, with silky smooth buttocks, and a next door neighbour who's a complete cunt. I would spend my life inside a pair of skimpy knickers, peeking out beneath the hemline of ridiculously

MOTORVATION

***John Masham**, who was last seen at the wheel of a Lada Riva, reckons he knows about style and you probably don't. All hate mail to the usual address, please.*

figure bhp ratings and power-assisted ashtrays are all very well but at the end of the day it is image that sells the car.

No surprise then that the car makers spend billions trying to persuade Joe Punter that their products have personality. And sometimes it even works. Give a car personality, and the style follows. Look at the change in Renault's fortunes when they started the 'What's Yours Called?' campaign with that Griff What's-He-Called character. One day the Five was pure vicar's tea party, the next it had become a junior yuppie's dream machine (not a lot of people know that the 5 Turbo does 0-60 quicker than a Ferrari Dino, but it was still image that sold the car – and nothing else).

Needless to say the corporate dinosaur now known as Rover Group has not been slow to get in on the act. Bloody slow would be more like it. Years after they launched it, the Maestro's masters gradually awoke to the realisation that it needed some serious image building. I admit they had a problem – the police drive Maestros, hardly a style plus – but even so they really cocked it up. Have you seen the latest TV commercial for the Maestro? The one I'm thinking of, highly stylised but not even remotely stylish, shows the car popping a wheelie. That's no mean achievement for a front-wheel drive car, but I can't see British taxpayers (who have already forked out for the ad) queueing to cough up even more of their hard-earned because of it. They won't buy it because they know, even if the admen don't, that a talking car that drinks petrol through a stripey straw isn't pzazzy and isn't cute. It's just stupid.

It's because the mass manufacturers can't build-in the style – it isn't "economically viable" – that they try to slap it on through trick advertising and clever slogans. But of course the only real way is to do it yourself. This is where customising comes in, and in principle it's a great idea – a dull or commonplace motor rebuilt, resprayed and re-everythinged to the owner's specification.

In practice, though, it's something else altogether. I'm talking about those horrors that crop up with hideous regularity in the pages of Custom Car, Street Machine and the like. We've all heard lofty statements about Beauty being in the eye of the beholder, and one man's meat being another man's poison, but one look at a cut-and-shut Capri or a jacked-up Avenger with home-made box arches, Knightrider lights and no silencer tells you such beliefs are just so much bunkum.

It shouldn't be simply a matter of individuality. Taste comes into it and so – alas – does money. It's very rare to find a really good and honestly affordable custom and it's beginning to look as though the magazines have just given up the hunt. Instead they pack their pages with bad taste and throw in the odd bad joke for good measure. Not so long ago they even featured a wheeled speedboat built on a Reliant Robin chassis.

At the same time, though, one has to say that the best customs being built today are the best there have ever been. Big on style but big on bucks – if you ain't got the cash, you can't have the car.

Until, that is, the appearance of the Cal-look Bug. Lookers, the latest craze to come over from the States, are the ideal style mobile for us paupers. While it's true that rare early Beetles can command relatively high prices, it's also true that a turquoise number which recently won 'Europe's Most Beautiful VW' at a Bug-show cost its owner considerably less than three grand to get on the road.

Ideal for the home-builder, Beetles are easy to work on, plentiful, and cheap. The beauty of the Cal-look is that getting it is all about stripping bits off the car, not sticking them on. Bumpers, chrome window surrounds and other shiny decorative features are whipped off and dumped, and the car is sprayed in any colour so long as it's bright. The suspension's dropped till it's right down in the weeds and the wheels are ditched in favour of Porsche alloys (if you can afford them) or Moon discs (if you can't). The end result is cool – there's no other word. Low, slow, cheap and neat – who could ask for more? ♣

REARS

short mini skirts at every opportunity, blowing kisses to anyone and everyone. Imagine being sat on by a beautiful girl for hours on end, every day of your life! Fucking ecstasy, mate.

Actually, I'll let you into a little secret, I have just had a bum change operation. I am now a fully fledged bum. And before you start laughing, see if you can guess which of these pictures is me, smart arse.

Don't knock it, give it a good slap, that's what I say.

Billy Buttock ♣

HARD·NEWS

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

GETTING TURNED ON

Residents of a block of flats in Lille, France, had their news programmes interrupted by the sight of their neighbours engaged in a furious bout of love-making.

Having videotaped a session, the couple in the flats played it back on closed circuit TV. But they forgot to disconnect the faulty communal aerial and every television in the block switched from a farming report to their extremely explicit home movie. *(Sun Herald)*

KEEPER'S LOSERS

GOALKEEPER Boris Zuvich didn't seem at all downhearted when his team was beaten 11-0 in Sofia, Bulgaria. After the game he told his trainer: "I just had to let those goals in. My girlfriend told me before the match that if I played well she would marry me next month. I don't want to get married, but I haven't the nerve to break it off – we've been going together for nine years." *(Globe)*

KISS OF DEATH

A CHINESE bridegroom kissed his partner to death at their wedding reception in Peking. Guests found the couple unconscious on a sofa. They were rushed to hospital, but the bride later died of heart palpitations caused by the excitement. *(Lanzhou Evening News)*

Send us your sex-crazed newspaper cuttings, and we'll pay a crisp tenner for every one used. On top of that, the intrepid reader who supplies our lead story will receive a year's subscription and a sack of uncensored Club goodies. Write to Hard News, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

NEAT FIGURES

NUDISTS are the best holidaymakers at Travemunde on the Baltic coast. According to the council, they make less litter, presumably because they do not have any pockets to carry rubbish. *(Globe)*

WIND OF CHANGE

LIBYAN Abdul Mini exchanged his 27 year old wife Neradah for his brother's trumpet. "It has such a beautiful tone," he explained. "I'd never get another like it, while women are like grains of sand in the desert." *(Berliner)*

CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'

JACK Mitchell dreamed up a way of giving Romeos a boost, at the cost of a few bruises to himself.

For a fee of £100, Jack, a driving instructor of Harrogate, North Yorkshire, offered to make little men look big in front of their girlfriends by acting the cad.

"One of my favourite stunts was to act drunk, abuse a client's girl and then let him wallop me," said Jack.

But then the police warned Jack, a 13 stone six footer, that he could be arrested for breach of the peace. He was forced to give up the business without a fight. *(Yorkshire Post)*

BIG LIFT

A BURGLAR broke into a store in Inverness and stole knickers, suspenders, nighties... and one outsize brassière. *(Sun)*

GUS THE GORILLA

FREDA 'Gus' Parsons is attracting capacity crowds to a nightspot in Perth, Australia. Eighteen-stone Freda, who stands 6ft 7in tall, performs a slow strip-tease with one hand while carrying her 9st husband, Barny, tucked underneath her arm. *(The Australian)*

PASSION CHILLER

A WEST German supermarket manager asked his employee, Gerlinde Schumann, 18, to work late. But she didn't like his idea of "overtime."

She told him: "Love isn't the same without a drink. How about a cold beer?"

As soon as the 54 year old manager stepped into the huge fridge she slammed and locked the door.

Three hours later she rang his wife, who released him. *(Weekender)*

VENUS REVAMPED

CHRISTINA Rubalcava, a Mexican painter, has created a stir in Paris with an exhibition of work based on some famous classical paintings.

But where the paintings of old featured ladies, Christina has put in a man.

"Men look nicer in the nude than women," she said. "I don't use professional models. If I see a man I fancy, I just chat him up."

She has featured a male Birth of Venus, and Cezanne's Ladies Bathing and Manet's Olympia have also suffered sex changes. *(National Examiner)*

TOP TITS

Gazza here with another bagful of bouncers to set your eyes rolling. And talking of rolling, I certainly wouldn't mind a tumble between any of this bunch. Scrumeeeeee!

Actually there is very much an art to manipulating mamms of this stature. As a longer term holder of a PhD in the Art of Mamm Manipulation, I have often yearned to share and pass on my knowledge so that others may become as proficient as I, but modesty has always prevailed.

I often dreamed of starting an Open (Your Shirt and Let's Have a Quick Jaffle) University course on BBC2. However, Auntie Beeb would never entertain the idea in a million years.

Incidentally, if you're wondering what 'jaffle' means, it is a word introduced into the English language by the Vikings, and it means "to stick your head between a woman's breasts and shake your head from side to side whilst yelling the words, 'Lubba Lubba Lubba!'" A favourite pastime of many a politician.

All fascinating stuff, you'll agree, but hardly what you're reading this magazine for. So while you're sticking your nose into this lot, I'm off for a spot of serious tit study. Cut the waffle, just jaffle!

Gary Garbonza

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

bedroom but when he had to go out, she didn't want to be disappointed so she found me.

So I have a great deal to thank Tracey for.

– Dennis, Worthing

We had a huge mailbag from men and women who were keeping Tracey's fantasy date in August. We reckon if we called a date during the day, it might shut down the country better than the miners' strike.

Blast from the Past

My uncle died just recently and I was pleasantly surprised to learn from my lawyer that, while he'd left me no cash, he'd bequeathed all his personal effects, including three rare and valuable stained glass panels by Tiffany's of New York. Rummaging through his desk, I found what looked like the remnants of a home movie, in a rusting can. I was just about to sling it out when I thought otherwise, and held a strip up to the light for examination. The film was in pretty bad condition, but one thing was obvious; this was no ordinary home movie!

Intrigued, I hitched the film up to an old 16mm projector I found in another drawer, and pulled down the blinds. I was just about to treat myself to a private viewing when an attractive young lady from the solicitor's office, who called by the house to make a valuation for reinsurance purposes, walked into the room. I told her I thought the movie might not be in accord with her tastes (!), but she just laughed and sat herself beside me on the sofa, immediately behind the projector.

The movie, although dating from the 1930s, was a bit outrageous. It featured a beautiful, aristocratic-looking lady, removing her clothes (with the exception of shoes and stockings) in a back garden, mounting a bicycle, and riding around in circles, minus panties. Coming to a halt and standing astride the saddle, she started stroking her fanny, at which point another exquisite Thirties beauty (naked but for riding boots and brandishing a horsewhip) wiggled her way on screen and started fooling with her partner's splendidly hairy snatch. She then strapped a monstrous dildo on her hips and the action suddenly got *really* heavy.

It was at about this stage in this little jewel of filmic history that a hand alighted on my thigh. Clearly the experience of watching this smut from the past was having a heady effect on the young lady seated beside me, so, eyes still glued to the film, I reciprocated by extending my hand and placing it on her knee. Her response? She opened her knees, took my hand and placed it right between her thighs, then covered it with her skirt.

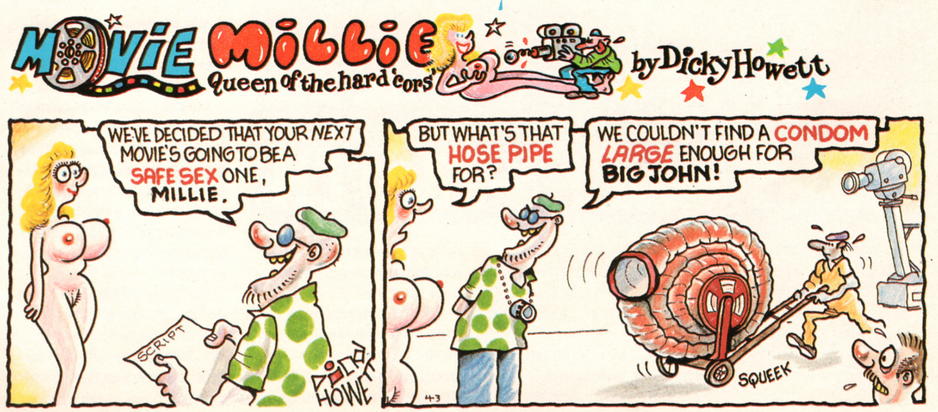
My pulse was really hammering as she deftly unzipped my fly and extricated my achingly hard dick. It's always been a favourite fantasy of mine, watching a dirty movie in the presence of an attractive, sophisticated, highly-sexed young woman, and when she made no effort to resist as I slipped my fingers inside her pantie-crotch, I just knew I was going to score.

"Come and put your head up my skirt," said this sexy little voice in the dark. "But leave the film running. I like it. It makes me randy."

Needing no further prompting, I left my chair and got down on my knees in front of her. I lifted the hem of her flouncy summer dress and buried myself in the dark, scented warmth of her inner thighs. The second my tongue slid between her labia, she lifted her feet and rested them on my back, beating them against my shoulder blades in encouragement.

After a few minutes of this exquisite cunt-sucking and accompanying finger-fucking, I emerged from my little sex tent to discover that the young lady had opened

continued on page 20



IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 19

her shirt and bared her breasts, obviously fully expecting me to ravish her. She stepped out of her panties, walked across the room, and, holding her skirt up around her waist, stood facing the wall, her legs spread. I got behind her, bent my knees (being taller than she) and thrust my cock up her from behind, straightening my legs and lifting her clean off the floor.

I fucked this little lady from the solicitor's office all around the house. Over the backs of old leather sofas, astride the loo, on the staircase, wherever. She was one of the hottest nymphos it's ever been my pleasure to fuck, and I'm sure my uncle would not only have given our X-rated liaison his blessing, had he been alive to hear the tale, but would have been highly amused and pleased by the circumstances. *Karl, Bristol*

Incredible Hulk

I thought you and your readers would like to know about how I – at last – lost my virginity. I suppose it was all due to my obsession with computers.

I landed a job with a London advertising agency on the strength of my computing knowledge. I'm not at all like the ad agency set, because I'm basically a shy person, but I'm paid a salary most other people my age – I'm 24 – can only dream about.

It's an unwritten rule that employees of the agency have to attend any fancy cocktail parties that are on the go – projecting the corporate image, and all that – and, being shy, it was a part of the job package I was none too keen on.

At one such party a few days ago, I was "adopted" by the brash, rather loud hostess, a diamond-festooned lady in her 50s, with a quite remarkable cleavage. I assumed her protective attitude towards me was because she knew I was a newcomer to this sort of thing and that she was just trying to be "motherly". But it was only when my boss took me to one side and whispered in my ear: "I think she's got the hots for you," that I began to realize she actually found me physically attractive. I'd never even been with a girl of my own age (kiss-and-cuddle exploits excepted), far less with a lady of such noble vintage, and I was really curious, not to mention nervous, as to what would happen if my boss's suspicion proved to be accurate.

At the end of the night, I collected my coat and made to leave with the other guests. Next thing I knew, however, my arm was being tightly seized. Yes, it was

Incredible Hulk: *"She cradled me in her heaving cleavage"*

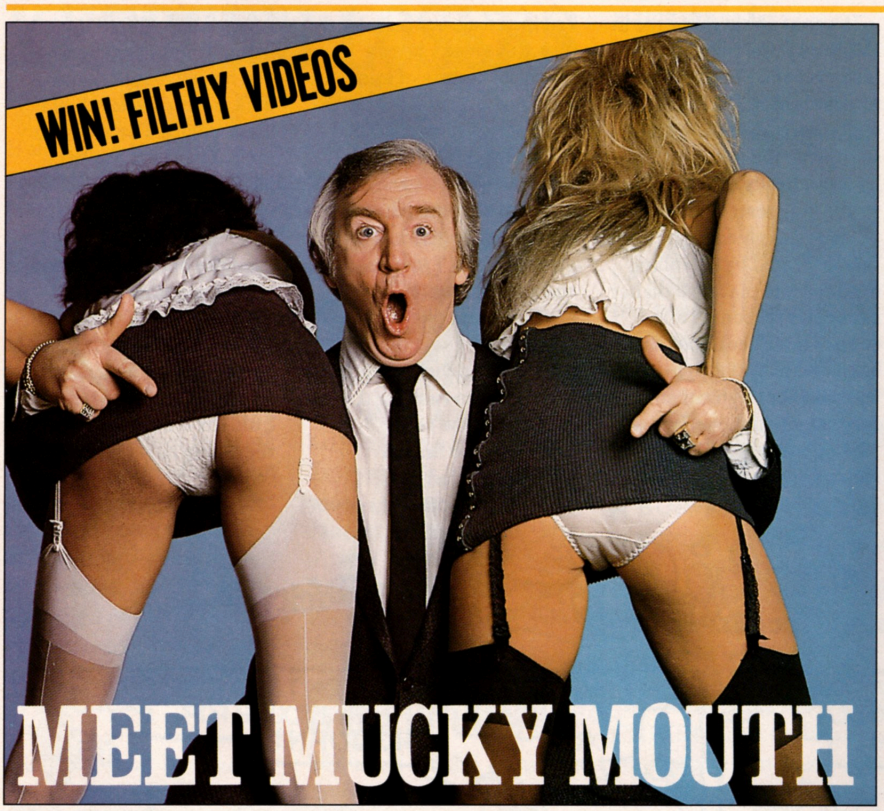
her. She whispered: "Not you, love. You can stay and keep me company for a while."

When the last guest had gone, she smiled at me and put her arms around me. Before I could do a thing about it, we were kissing passionately. I could tell right away she was very dominant. After we'd been necking for a few minutes, she cradled my head in her heaving, perfumed cleavage. Then, stroking the back of my neck, she deftly unbuttoned her dress-top until her great, white, pendulous tits burst free. She urged me to lick them.

Soon tiring of this, she took me by the hand and led me into her elaborate bedroom. Suddenly, her whole attitude changed. She quickly stripped down to her shoes and tights, and motioned for me to undress, too. I stripped totally naked, and stood there feeling quite overwhelmed, what with our totally different physiques: I looked really skinny and pale compared to her ripe, rounded figure.

She looked me up and down, dwelling for a few seconds on my semi-erection. Then, without saying anything, she led me over to the bed and motioned me to lie on it. When I'd done so, she immediately straddled me, her mighty thighs either side of my face. The smell of sex (my first whiff!) was everywhere and I wanted to lick her cunt, but I couldn't get to it because she still had her tights on.

Not for long, though. She ripped them open at the crotch and brought her full weight down on my face,



This is Jimmy Jones with a couple of very nice bums. Apart from being a lucky bastard, Jimmy is Club's favourite filthy stand-up comedian, a man whose offensive routines make Bernard Manning look like Mike Yarwood. His devoted fans include Dudley Moore, Frank Bruno and Iron Maiden.

If you haven't heard of him, you need some education fast. And if you have, you'll know his albums and tapes are like gold dust.

But as always, we at Club offer our readers one better. Just enter our amazing Really Crap Joke Competition and you can win Jimmy's BANNED video, *The Newmarket Classic*. It's a masterpiece of bad taste, a full hour of the Man with the Golden Pun slagging off men, women, whites, blacks, Catholics, Protestants, and people from Bradford. Like they say, you won't find this one in the shops – and we've got three to give away buckshee!

The competition is very simple. Just send us in the crappiest joke you know. We've provided a real stinker just to get you going:

What's brown, soft and sits on a piano bench? – Beethoven's first movement.

Get the idea? The load of old rubbish you send will be judged by Jimmy Jones himself, and the three he deems to be the worst will each receive a copy of *The Newmarket Classic* – so they can learn to do it properly.

Write to: Really Crap Jokes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1. Mr Jones' decision is final, so long as the Editor agrees.

wriggling around like my face was the saddle of one of those exercise bikes. I was so overwhelmed by the astonishing wetness of her gaping pussy, I could only just breathe through my mouth. I couldn't see a thing: I was breathing, smelling, tasting and feeling pussy. I could feel her playing with my cock and sucking on it. An eager-to-please novice, I groped in the cunt darkness for her enormous jugs. When I found them (not very difficult) I shook them hard, making them wobble furiously.

She lifted her mighty bulk from me, giving me the opportunity to gulp in a lungfull of fresh air, then she lay on her back and pulled me on top of her. Opening her legs, she guided me into position. I was truly amazed at how easily I slid in, and at how good it felt. She dug her nails into my arse cheeks, and this spurred me on to give it to her even harder. With a great slurping sound and a rush of juices from her cavernous cunt, she screamed out her orgasm. I followed suit several thrusts later.

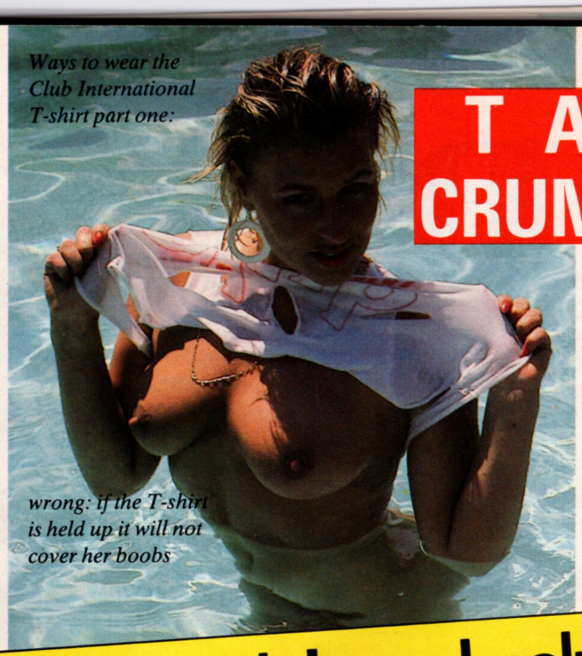
"Not bad for a baby," she said afterwards, lying beside me and licking my poor, tired cock into yet another erection.

I've seen her once since that night, and I intend to go on seeing her. I can't speak for anyone else, but I feel a huge sense of gratitude towards the person who popped my cherry after years of disappointment. At the moment, I simply can't get enough of sex – an attitude which suits my "girlfriend" just fine.

Edward, London NW6 ♣

I hope you're going to be gentle with me, George – it's my first time

T AND CRUMPET

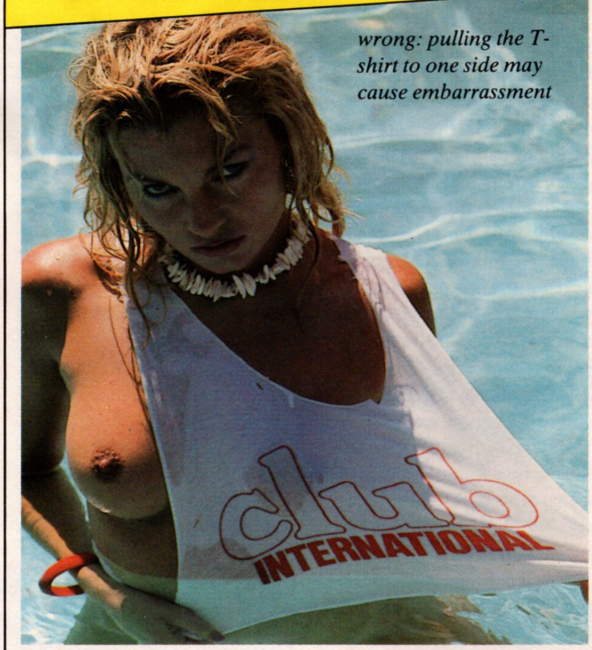


Ways to wear the Club International T-shirt part one:

wrong: if the T-shirt is held up it will not cover her boobs

wrong: do not cut holes in your T-shirt

Don't win! an absolutely triffic Club T-shirt



wrong: pulling the T-shirt to one side may cause embarrassment

right: this is a lot more sensible

Of course, these aren't yer actual Club T-shirts. These are the old ones. We're getting new ones made up, just as soon as our useless Art Director gets round to designing the things. They're going to be great. And thanks to our great Club offers dept, you can buy one!

They'll be bigger (all hyper-trendy XXX large), they'll be better quality material (100 per cent heavy-duty cotton) and they'll have a new, stylishly small, designer logo which will tell the world you know quality when you see it. They're the only thing to wear with your Reebok trainers, your Nike sportsbag and your manly chest. Or not.

But do you know the greatest thing about them? They can go around your girlfriend's tits. Keep them nice and warm, things like that. And if you throw water on her, her tits'll show through them! As the girls in these pictures have discovered!

You can buy our fabulous 1988 vintage Club International T-shirts for the stupendously low price of just £5.99 (or £6 if you can't be bothered writing all that on the cheque; we only say £5.99 to make it sound cheaper. It's six quid when it comes down to it.) IT'S A BARGAIN!

Send your meagre cheque or postal order to: The Girl Who Does The T-Shirts, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. It's one size (really big) and one price (no reductions, chum). Get in now, or they'll all be gone.

nb: in public places it is often advisable to wear something else with your T-shirt

TAPED!

*Take one **Allan Bryce** and seven videos, mix, and what do you get? More drool for your spool! More shape for your tape! More rub for your dub! And some right old tosh as well.*

They have names like April, Yolanda and Chloe. They tease, sulk and pout invitingly. They are the girls of *Fiona Cooper* and they want to put on a private striptease act just for you. They are (for the most part) not Page Three beauties or Club centrefolds, but rather what is known in the trade as "the girl-next-door type" – the sort of female you would not be frightened to approach at the local disco and invite out for a romantic evening at the Bombay Tandoori followed by a quick grope in the back of the Transit – cock au van, as the French call it. And if you've got brewer's droop they know just how to cope with it: "Sit down in that chair over there and I'll just slip out of something uncomfortable – you've no idea how hard it was for me to get my mature 38D/24/36 figure into my old school uniform . . ."

A glance through their extensive catalogue reveals all: "Super model *Helen* appears in her school uniform with white sox, black stockings, school sports outfit, waist-high navy knicks, sexy undies etc. Includes some shaven scenes and some outdoor scenes. Our busty punk *Michelle* appears in various items, including leather thigh boots, very tiny tops, red leather top and mini, using baby lotion. Not to be missed! *Carla*, our Spanish lady, in her debut video. Leather items, wet-look items, stockings and sussies, slinky dresses and tights. What more can you ask?"

What more indeed? There's something curiously old-fashioned about **The Fiona Cooper Video Collection**. Watching a selection of their products took me back to the halcyon days of *Bootlace Cinema* when no 8mm buff's library could be complete without the plain white boxes that concealed the work of such stalwarts as George Harrison Marks. They called them "Glamour" or "Striptease" films then, and, as here, there were no real storylines, just a busty bird (usually June Palmer) soaping herself down in the bath and threateningly flicking her nylons at the cameraman when he started to aim his box brownie at the forbidden thatch below her navel.

Of course Fiona's fillies are not so coy: they positively thrust their whiskery forbidden fruits in your face while moaning and licking their lips in a suggestive fashion. But for the rest of the time Helen, Carla, Susie, Anne Marie and "mature and busty" Shirley look a little bit lost for what to say or do other than slip into and out of a selection of fetching outfits. Still, some of the girls have got what it takes to get percy pulsing – particularly yummy Yolanda who boasts massive chocolate-brown nipples that any man would like to get his laughing gear round. If you've ever wondered what it would be like to be a fly on the wall of a Dorothy Perkins changing room then your beady mince pies are in for a treat here!

From the amateurs to the professionals: **The Hot Licks Collection** is a new four-volume set of high-budget erotica from the *Electric Blue* folks, featuring exactly the sort of cracking crumpet we have come to expect from these practised purveyors of glossy soft porn. There are no plain Jane girl-next-door types here: every one of the birds on display looks like she should be lying on a centrefold. Each hour-long tape features eight or nine short clips that were originally shot for America's Playboy cable channel. These have titles like *Private Parts*, *Porno Movies*, *Fill 'Er Up* and *Trucker Girls*, and storylines that don't take too long in getting to the point.

My favourite sequence is *Lost Phallus*, Volume 2's cheeky take-off of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* that has an Indiana Jones lookalike making off through the jungle with a ten-inch golden dildo. He's pursued by a tribe of hotcha Amazon women who don't take kindly to someone removing their sole source of pleasure, and when they catch him they do more than just play with his bullwhip!

Hectic rumpo is the order of the day. It's simulated, of course (unless they've found a way to do it without the fella removing his undies), but nonetheless highly stimulating to watch. The girls are beautiful, the lads hunky (if you like that sort of thing) and the action strong enough to earn each volume an 18R certificate, meaning you can only buy them from the Electric Blue sex shop. They might even sell you a ten-inch golden dildo if you ask nicely . . .

Of course all these short films are all right, but it could be you are looking for something a bit longer (sounds like my girlfriend complaining again), in which case you might like to try some of the adult feature movie releases put out by a new company called AVR Home Entertainments.

First on their list is a red-hot little number called *Rich Bitch*, which has the same sort of plot as the well-known Joan Collins movie of a few years back – and a cast list that sounds like the menu at Luigi's Pasta Parlour. That popular food enhancer Claudia Gravi stars as the tempestuous title character, a wealthy sculptress who becomes bored with "normal" sex after years of marriage to a dull impresario – is doing it upside-down on the top of the wardrobe *normal*?

Oh, well, it transpires that she meets up with a young, gifted ballet dancer and decides that he has what she has been looking for (that bulge in his tights ain't his tobacco tin). They fall into bed together for a sustained bout of passionate nookey while the orchestra goes potty in the background. But what is hubby going to do when he finds out that his wife has got the Royal Philharmonic stashed in her wardrobe?

While you're pondering that one you might like to sample AVR's **Lustaway**, a soft-core sexy number that of course has nothing to do with last year's Nicolas Roeg cinema hit, *Castaway*! The setting is the same, though, a remote island paradise where lives a beautiful young nymph with "the sexual appetite of ten women". Yes, this girl is a right raver: she's had more pricks than a secondhand dart board. Slip her a Bounty bar and she'll show you more fun than Robinson Crusoe had in a month of Fridays. A statuesque blonde named Rosa Laskin plays the randy young miss, and the sight of her magnificent body striding naked along a tropical shore is enough to get any hot-blooded male viewer reaching for his . . . travel books.

While you're there you might like to look up the Alps, a range of impressive peaks that feature prominently in AVR's **White Hot**. But who cares about them when you can ogle the perfectly-shaped protuberances displayed frequently by the film's sexy French star, a stunning blonde by the name of Olinka? I wouldn't mind having a climb, I can tell you.

The story is simple: a highly-successful businessman invites his nubile young mistress (Olinka) to a hotel high in the Alps, but he can't get away to service her regularly because he has a lusty wife and randy daughter to look after. Never mind, cos Olinka has brought her lesbian lover along and the businessman's wife has brought her horny boyfriend along. Phew! It all ends in a large-scale orgy with people trying to poke rubber thingies up each other – well, it beats *Trivial Pursuit*, I suppose!

And finally, we come to the film that Madonna tried to ban. **A Certain Sacrifice** was made when the sexy singer was like a virgin to the world of showbiz, otherwise she would certainly have never stripped to the buff for this sordid tale of gang rape and revenge. To be honest this sleazy, amateurishly-shot tale has only Madonna's presence to recommend it, and even her performance is hardly anything to write home about. But on the evidence here I can easily understand how she went on to become such a popular singer: she's got a lovely pair of lungs . . .♣

***The Fiona Cooper Collection** is available from Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, West Yorkshire HX1 1EU*
***Hot Licks Volumes 1 to 4** are available from The Electric Blue Shop, 287 Pentonville Road, London N1 9NP*
***White Hot**, **Lustaway** and **Rich Bitch** are available from AVR Home Entertainments Ltd, 27 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR4 7JJ*
***A Certain Sacrifice** is available from True Blue Productions, ABC Films UK Ltd (Telephone 0222-615676)*

Above and below: The lickin' here is so hot, you're bound to get a scalded tongue

Madonna, looking uncertain about her sacrifice

Dripping with desire? Yeah, and what else, huh . . .?

"They ARE regulation white, sir"

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Who, me? I never would . . ."

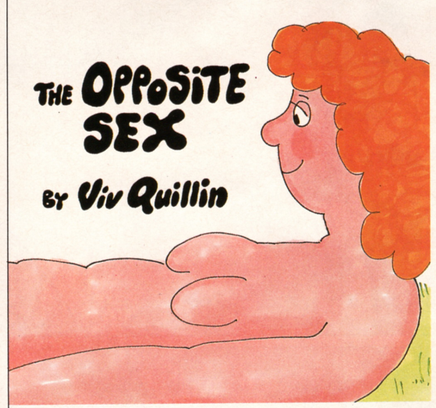
"Wanna see my graphic equalizer?"

UNCOVERED

*Bogs, bonks and bores. **Chris Lloyd** puts it all into black and white.*

Currently, shelves are well-stocked with guide books, and pretty bloody boring they are too, by and large. However, Jonathan Routh, surreal architect of TV's *Candid Camera*, has embarked on a new and seedier catalogue, namely **The Initial Good Loo Guide** (Banyan Books, £2.95). Much mundane and sensible commentary is spiced up with accounts of the genuinely weird and/or disgusting facilities on offer in London. Conditions allow sometimes for a lack of chains, spooky hiding places, no soap and nowhere to dry what has become wet, etc. Actually, from a notorious practical joker, this is (amazing to say) a fairly serious investigation, considering that we all have to use a convenience now and then.

One of the remarkable things about cartoonists dwelling on sex topics is how often they can draw the naked human body (either gender) so that it resembles an unhealthy indoor plant. The barest pencil marks, coloured in crudely, make their rather sexless points with the help of some arch dialogue. Frankly, there's never been a wittier artist on the subject than James Thurber, but Viv Quillan in **The Opposite Sex** (Grafton, £3.95) tries the cute approach with some vague feminist acid in the captions. They don't so much satirise sex as *sanitise* it, but this style is in right now, so why not take a peek.



Then there's **The Punch Book Of Sex And Marriage** (Grafton, £9.95) for the type of laughter which occurs with one hand in front of your face. Alan Brien bristles at an orgy, Jeffrey Bernard bewails the appalling new whores of Soho plus the decline of afternoon drinking (maybe they're connected, eh Jeff?), and Yvonne Roberts discusses desk blondes who do a nice line in baby oil. In the glossary too, couples are divided into girls who should know better and men who could do better. If you like various high-hat intellectuals smacking sex round the chops with an 18 certificate or a choice innuendo, you'll read this, then go back to what you were doing before you were so rudely interrupted.♣

lacy LADY

Tara

Photographs by Roy Brewington

There's nothing she likes more than the feel of lace. The lady with the ice-blue eyes is as cool as they come, and she knows the touch of lace is enough to set her in the mood for something a little more heated. And when she gets

down to it, she slips out of her feminine frills and into a passionate haze with consummate ease. Out goes the demure primness of a

proper lady, and in comes the wayward abandon of a sexual animal. Hold tight, guys, 'cos this one's about to escape... ♣

Alain Prost

In the world of Formula 1 motor racing, they don't come any better than Alain Prost, the most successful driver in the history of the sport.

by Robert McCabe

The first time I saw Alain Prost, I didn't really get a very good look at him. Or the next time. Mind you, the fact he was circulating Silverstone circuit in his Marlboro McLaren Formula 1 racing car at speeds approaching 200mph didn't help matters any. I'd heard that securing an interview with the 32-year-old French ex-world champion was about as easy as crossing the Atlantic in a leaky rowing boat, but, hell, I didn't know it was going to be *this* difficult.

I needn't have worried, because he did slow down sufficiently enough to answer a few questions for Club International. And don't belittle the achievement on our part, whatever you do: Prost has made it clear on more than one occasion he doesn't need the publicity, which is why you won't read many interviews with him.

He's right, of course. Formula 1 car racing carries a high media profile worldwide (Murray Walker's half-a-lap-behind-the-race commentary on race days is probably the most familiar aspect of it in this country), and if you're one of the select few to reach the lofty heights of world champion, the one thing you're not going to be short of is publicity.

To us outsiders, the world

of Formula 1 is one of unimaginable glamour. It involves cars which go faster than anything we will ever drive; it involves jet-setting on a scale which none of us will ever achieve; it involves women more beautiful than any of us will ever meet (unless you happen to work for Club International, of course); and it involves amounts of money so great, even the paymasters are embarrassed to admit how much they fork out. It all combines to give the impression that only those born with a silver steering wheel in their mouth will ever make it to Formula 1.

As such, the rise and rise of Alain Prost makes for a refreshing story and gives hope to mere mortals who may think they'll never make it past the 1974 Capri-with-go-faster-stripes stage. The affable, quiet-spoken native of St Chamond, near Lyon, started at the very bottom and worked his way to the top bloody fast – which is just the way he drives his Marlboro McLaren projectiles.

Talking of which, it may come as a surprise to learn that the engine capacity of said turbocharged projectiles is only 1500cc. When I realized that's the same as my very clapped-out Chrysler Alpine, I wanted to cry. But then I saw Prost scream away from the Silverstone pits at a frightening speed, only a matter of inches above the tarmac, and I felt much happier about settling for the bland mediocrity of Halfords gift vouchers, remoulds and Tesco's motor oil.

On meeting Prost for the first time, I couldn't get over how much he *doesn't* look like a sporting superstar. Slightly-built, and with typically Gallic looks, he wouldn't look out of place driving a grass-cutting machine in a Paris public park.

But sporting superstar he very definitely is. Earning in excess of a million pounds a year, Alain Prost is far and away the world's most successful racing driver. A series of mechanical mishaps this year – car trouble has cost him dearly in eight rounds of the world championship – means he's lost the world title he won in '85 and successfully defended last year. But his disappointment was compensated for when he won the Portuguese Grand Prix in September, a victory which gave him a world record of 28 GP successes, thus overhauling Jackie Stewart's long-standing reign. Alain Prost is now the all-time best – officially. And there can be no doubt Prost is still the most technically-accomplished driver in the GP circus. Not for nothing do his contemporaries in the sport call him "The Professor".

"The year after I spent 700 francs to buy a kart, a team in France put me under contract, and all my expense was finished . . ."

Club: *Tell us about your introduction to the world of motor racing.*

Prost: The year after I spent 700 francs (about £70) to buy a kart, a team in France put me under contract, and my expense was finished. I then won the French kart championship twice, I was given some money to do the driving school of my choice, and then the school helped me.

I was able to become a full professional after just *one year*! I won the French motor racing championship twice, then became European Formula 3 champion in 1979. The following year was my first in Formula 1 racing with Marlboro McLaren. The year after that, my first of three seasons in the Renault team, I scored my first F1 victory. And now here I am!

Club: *You've been champion of the world twice. You've proved you can win the title and defend it, so what's your motivation to carry on at the top?*

Prost: When I was in Formula 3, my ambition was to be in Formula 1. And when I got there, my ambition was to win the world championship. Now the most important thing is for me to be competitive every year, because I don't want to go completely down after being champion.

Every year I start again from scratch; as far as I'm concerned, last year is finished. I still have the

The Professor calmly delivers a pre-race briefing

And you thought "opposite lock" was putting the key in the wrong hole when you stagger home drunk in the early hours . . .

motivation to win – very much so.

Club: *It's been quite a disappointing season for you, but at least you've had the consolation of having bettered Jackie Stewart's record. How much does that mean to you?*

Prost: I wanted my 28th win to be something very special: the race in Portugal was one of the hardest of my career, and also one of the very best. It was great to beat Jackie's record – he was one of my heroes when I was still at school.

> ***"Now, if I don't win a race, I realize it's not the end of the world."***

Club: *How do you feel about the McLaren team changing from TAG-Porsche engines to Honda next season?*

Prost: Well, just about the only satisfaction I get from having had such a hard season trying to beat the Williams Hondas is knowing that I will have the same engine next year and will have a good chance of dictating the races again.

Club: *Do you think it will be easier to attempt to win the championship next season, having already done it twice?*

Prost: Yes, for sure – it'll be much easier. I know how to win it, I know how to lose it. And people won't keep asking me: "Is this the year you're going to win it?" I know now – through bitter experience this season – that the only way to win the championship is to finish all the races. Now, even though I know I'm not going to win a particular race, I'll try to finish to score well.

Club: *That seems a very mature, philosophical attitude which may not have always been evident before you first won the title. Is that a fair comment?*

Prost: Yes, I think so. As I get older I learn to cope through experience: I learn to think differently. Before, I wanted to be best *every* time – in practice, warm-up, everything. Now it's different, because of my championship wins. Now, if I don't win a race, I realize it's not the end of the world. I learned that from Niki. *(Niki Lauda, himself a three times world champion, was a Marlboro McLaren team-mate of Prost's in 1984 and 1985 before his retirement. – Club)*

At the start of 1985 I spun off the road in the pouring rain in Portugal and crashed; then, at Imola (San Marino), my car was disqualified after I had won the race, because it was two kilos under the weight limit. I suppose my new approach was the result of my analysis of those events on the night of the Imola race.

Club: *You're not known as one who thrives on media attention. How, then, do you handle the extra demands that come with being world champion?*

Prost: Because of the life I have, the championship crowns haven't changed anything, except meaning that I've become even more solicited. I don't really need the popularity.

Club: *But you must be widely sought-after by the Press on race days.*

Prost: It can be very difficult to do interviews at a race and I'm sometimes obliged to refuse, because my job is to drive the car and to make sure it is right for the race. There are some journalists who know the right moment to talk to me, but there are others who will never understand. I've even been asked to do an interview when I'm sitting in the car!

Club: *Do you have any contact with the spectators at Grands Prix?*

Prost: I think it is very good that the people – the spectators – can come into the paddock to see the drivers and the cars. But if we didn't have our motorhome to go into, I don't think we could concentrate on our racing. Of course, it is very important to sign autographs, and so on; but, for me, I *must* have the time I spend in the motorhome.

Club: *I get nervous just watching a Grand Prix. Do you suffer from nerves before the start of a race?*

Prost: Yes, but it gets less as you get more experience. I'm always a little bit nervous at the start, except when I'm on pole position or on the front row. Being at the front makes it much easier.

Club: *There must be an awful lot of stress involved in your work. How do you cope?*

Prost: Stress is something you can't fight against. You have to be natural, otherwise you can't do anything. If you're calm, everything looks quiet and cool. For example, before a Grand Prix in Detroit, I left the circuit altogether and went back to my hotel room. I switched on the TV and watched the golf, which was wonderful!

> ***"My 28th win was one of the hardest races of my career."***

I only start concentrating about a race five or ten minutes before the start. But I only get half an hour to relax on race day, which isn't long – I don't get time to have a special pre-race routine.

Club: *What about afterwards? How much does a Grand Prix take out of you?*

Prost: There are some tracks, like Dallas or Monaco, which are very exhausting. Brazil is sometimes difficult because of the heat, though not all drivers have difficulty. The worst is a demanding track when your car is difficult to drive: it's never possible to overcome a problem with your car after the start, which can be frustrating. Sometimes you feel very tired afterwards and you don't know why. But I can tell you one thing – if you win a race, you *never* feel tired!

Club: *You must need to keep yourself pretty fit, though?*

Prost: Well, when I am at home *(in Switzerland, where he lives with his wife and young son – Club)* I go jogging every day, and sometimes I play tennis. I do gymnastics at home, but I never do anything thinking I *have* to do it; I only do it because I like it.

Club: *Other Formula 1 drivers talk about achieving the "Perfect Lap". Is there such a thing?*

Prost: It's the aim of every Formula 1 driver to have the Perfect Lap. But I don't think the Perfect Lap exists, because F1 drivers always want to go faster.

Club: *Including you?*

Prost: Of course.

"So ye goat ma record, Jimmy – whit took ye sae long?"

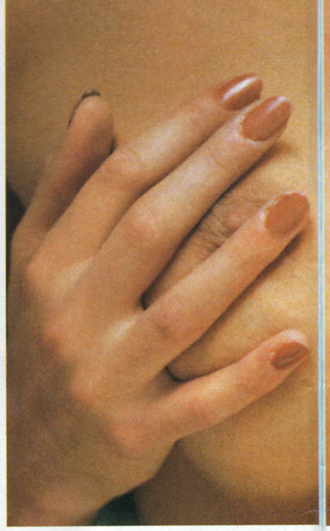
Life in the fastest lane: Alain Prost at work

Nice place, Monaco – not that you see much

Other F1 pilots have just had to get used to this sight

STEP INSIDE, LOVE

Photographed by Ed Alexander



At times, Sara gets lonely. That shouldn't happen to a girl with her good looks, but it seems that her sleepy home village in Surrey is suffering from a drought – not of water, but of men!

"There are times when it seems I could stand at my door all day just waiting for someone to come along," she says. "If there were any men around

I don't think the

"Why is it

bewildered,

moments you

intimate with

anyone – th

anybody around t

Whenever I get

intimate moods

waste it." And who can blame her?

"There are times," she continues, "when I would just like to walk out on to the street and grab hold of the first male that came along, and invite him in for a meeting of mind and body, especially body!" Now here's an offer no one should refuse.

"Trouble is, once I'm in that state of mind my feelings are irreversible. I have to do something, or someone, yet there's never a soul around, so I end up having to satisfy myself." It's something she's become well practised in over the last few months. Any message for Club readers, Tanya? "Yes: HELP!" ♣

FICTION

THE PUSSY PROGRAM

With the technology at his fingertips to turn any woman into a sex hungry animal, Jason wanted still more. But how much more could he take?

by David Alexander

Jason pressed one of the buttons on the chocolate machine in the executive lounge of BS Stratton, the prestigious investment banking firm whose motto was: "Smart money speaks everybody's language." A bar of Fruit and Nut clanked into the tray. He had always had a weakness for money, sex and sweets, in that order.

As he walked back through the soundproof carpeted corridor toward the Fixed Income Research Division which, as Senior Analyst, he was in charge of, he noticed the cleaning lady was already out with her mop and bucket. Jason tossed her a brief hello and walked on. The old crone reminded him of all the things he despised: poverty, age, subservience. Nobody could do much about age, but the other two things Jason had long ago sworn would never be his lot in life. At 33, he had climbed higher up the corporate ladder than he had ever dared imagine. But as high as he'd come, there was always more he'd wanted. It was an inflexible rule of Jason's life. The more Jason had, the hungrier he became. And hunger demanded satisfaction. That was Jason's personal motto.

The Fixed Income Research Division was empty now, its rows of desks and silent computer terminals vacated with the end of the work day. Only one secretary, his own, remained behind. She looked up at Jason from the computer screen on which a spreadsheet was visible in glowing green alphanumerics as he passed her on his way into his office. Jason nodded at her and shut the door behind him. Except for the cleaning lady, she and he were the only ones on the floor.

Jason sat down at his desk and logged-on the computer terminal atop it, a sudden thrill racing along his loins. Brenda had been employed a week, and it was about time to "break her in". Images of her incredible body, naked beneath his, streaked through his mind as the first prompt appeared on the glowing green screen.

WHAT PROGRAM DO YOU WISH?

His mouth watering with expectation, Jason typed in:

THE PUSSY PROGRAM

A menu of options materialized in glowing characters on the computer screen. Jason felt his heart wildly hammering in his chest and his cock ready to burst in his pants.

WELCOME TO THE PUSSY PROGRAM. BELOW ARE SEX THRILLS TO SATISFY YOUR EVERY NEED.

DELIGHTS OF ORAL SEX DOS
SEDUCTION AND SURRENDER SAS
ORIENTAL FUCKING POSITIONS OFP
MUTUAL MASTURBATION AND EXHIBITIONISM MME
HOT AND HEAVY HANDJOBS HHH
FETISHES AND LIGHT BONDAGE FLB

PLEASE SELECT ONE OR ALL OF THE ABOVE

It had been a while since Jason had chosen option one, but he had also pegged Brenda as a natural for option two when he'd hired her on the basis of her bombshell boobs, cunty looks and hips that would drive a bellydancer green with envy. He typed in DOS, followed by SAS. The screen went blank momentarily, then the words appeared that almost made Jason's wang ejaculate in his pants.

PROGRAM EXECUTED. ENJOY YOURSELF!

Jason opened his office door and stepped out into the secretarial pool area. He always enjoyed watching this part, when The Program locked on and they started to lose control. It was like watching his parents fucking through the knothole in his bedroom wall when he was a kid. He couldn't resist the urge to take out his achingly hard pecker as he suddenly saw his sexy secretary freeze in front of the computer screen she faced and sit staring into it as the screen bathed her in an intense, pulsating green light. Then, after the screen had blanked, Jason watched Brenda rise from her swivel chair, and turn to face him.

A look of wanton sexual hunger danced in her blue-grey eyes and a lustful smile played across her mouth as she advanced towards him. Jason boldly pumped his pecker, which was very big and very thick around the middle, and noted with pleasure that a waxy teardrop of pre-cum was already oozing from its bulbous tip. Still clothed, Brenda knelt at Jason's feet and began kissing his upright organ all over, purring like a cat thrown a joint of meat as she lovingly ran her lips and tongue all along its mushrooming shaft and over his fluid-filled balls. After she'd sucked him to within an ace of the point of detonation, she slowly rose and, grasping Jason's joint in her soft hand, led him back into his office.

There, Brenda did a slow striptease, seductively unbuttoning and peeling off her blouse, then unsnapping her lacy silk bra so her jumbo-sized melons swung free, their cork-shaped nipples already thick and hardened with lust. She unzipped her skirt, took it off and slid down her matching lace knickers, leaving on her high-heeled pumps and her black silk stockings and suspender belt. With a wanton smile, she crossed to where Jason sat on his Italian leather office couch, coquettishly crouched down and lewdly sucked his cock once again, bringing it to full erection while Jason moaned and stroked her ballooning breasts and her long silken hair.

Begging her to let him eat her, Jason slid down and let her mount his face, her honey dripping pussy lowering itself muskily on to his mouth, and eagerly lapped at its lust-thickened

The Pussy Program

clit with his thirsty tongue. While Brenda rode his face, bucking and thrashing with her head thrown back and her breasts flopping up and down and side-to-side in ecstatic abandon, she pumped his lubricant-dripping penis until it was drenched with a sticky coating of his male secretions.

Then she doubled over across Jason's belly, and he felt her big breasts pressing down over his abdomen as she deep-throated his shaft. In other circumstances, he would have shot his wad long ago, lathering off into the woman's face, but now Brenda squeezed his prick just below the head every time he was close to coming. Again and again, she squeezed the come back down, until Jason felt as though the jizz had backed up into his brain, making it boil with the desire to explode furiously inside her mouth.

Just when he thought he couldn't stand it a moment longer, Brenda hopped off Jason's face and took a seat on his upright phallus, hopping wildly up and down while she shoved her mammoth mammaries into his face. "Now!" Jason gasped, as the pounding in his cock increased to a violent pitch which could no longer be ignored. "Oh you bitch! Let me come now!"

On his command, Brenda pulled her cunt up off Jason's cock and, with a few rapid jerks of her fist, brought him off to a series of shotgun ejaculations that sent his spunk shooting up into her breasts and face.

Afterwards he lay back contentedly, she showered in his office bathroom, put her clothes back on and returned to her desk.

"Good night, Mr. Gordon," she said as she left a few minutes later. "I hope I did everything right tonight." The girl had no memory of The Program's effects.

Jason put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry, Brenda," he said reassuringly. "I'm certain you did a great deal better than you'll ever know." He watched her swivelling buttocks as she walked down the corridor and disappeared around a corner. The Program had worked perfectly. As it always did.

It was a Pity, Jason thought, that the world would never know about Graybill. It was his unsung genius which had created The Program. Graybill had been a programmer in the Stocks and Bonds Division whom Jason had suspected of embezzling tens of thousands of pounds through illegally manipulating accounting records of commodities transactions. Indeed, an investigation Jason had made indicated Graybill had transferred, with the effortlessness of a series of keystrokes, thousands to his foreign bank accounts over his two years as an employee at BS Stratton.

Rather than turn him in, Jason had seen the opportunity to consolidate his own gains. Jason's economics expertise would allow Graybill to continue channelling illicit funds to his foreign bank accounts without fear of exposure. In return, some of those numbers Graybill so deftly juggled would signify funds transferred to his own secret accounts. Graybill had been so overwhelmed with gratitude that he'd offered Jason the fruits of his research into a very esoteric field of computer programming: mind control.

Graybill had evolved a fascinating theory whereby, flashing a series of messages at unaware subjects at extremely rapid speed, post-hypnotic suggestions of extreme intensity could be produced. With the right software, Graybill said, it was a simple matter to write a program that could make an individual do practically anything at all.

"Like fuck on command?" Jason had asked.

"Exactly. You could theoretically make a woman into a sex-hungry animal who only minutes before was a prim secretary busily typing up a business letter."

Graybill was persuaded to get to work on The Program, custom-tailored to Jason's sexual preferences. It was stored on a master disk identical to the one which ran all the data terminals at Stratton corporate headquarters. With Jason's help, Graybill had switched The Program with Stratton's original master disk months before. It could be accessed only through a complicated series of coded commands known only to Jason and himself, and could be instantly flashed on as many as the 235 data terminals Stratton had, or as few as a single console. The program was totally in Jason's control. He could access it at any time he wanted, from the safety and security of his office or from anywhere else in the building.

On Jason's first trial run, The Program had worked like a charm. So well he almost couldn't believe it was happening. Jason had been aching to fuck a prim Securities Analyst in another department who'd always given him the cold shoulder. One day, Jason nervously keyed-in the command set and caused the Analyst's data terminal to activate. She had responded like a wildcat. Jason had almost been dragged by the hair to a vacant storage area and had his cock sucked with a fierce abandon that almost drained it dry of sperm.

He'd grown much more confident after that wild experience. There were two lovely new secretaries in Accounting whom he lusted to see involved in a lesbian session while he watched and jerked off. They often put in overtime together. Jason waited till both had stayed late to catch up on some filing one night, and keyed-in The Program, using a time-delay to allow him to take the lift down to their floor to watch it take effect. The two beautiful young girls suddenly froze as their screens bathed their faces in electronic light, then threw off their clothes and ate each other's pussies in the sixty-nine position on the office carpet, oblivious to everything but the multiple orgasms they were giving each other.

Jason stood over them as they writhed and groaned in climactic ecstasy, their naked bodies twitching and rolling beneath him as he pumped his big cock and bathed them in cascades of boiling spunk. Had he activated The Program in the middle of the day, rather than after hours when the floor was deserted, it would have made no difference.

Over and over again, Jason used The Program to satisfy his every sexual fantasy. It was, he thought, like being a hungry dog turned loose suddenly in a butcher's. From among the hundreds of women employed by the mammoth corporation, many scores were sexy bitches who seemed to fuck with a native abandon when The Program activated their sexual drives. Jason did everything in his power to hire only the most attractive women the personnel department sent up. For many months, thanks to Graybill's computer genius, Jason was a satisfied man. Both financially and sexually.

But now, Jason wanted more. As good as The Program was, he knew Graybill was capable of doing even better. Of providing him with sexual kicks unparalleled by anything else he'd ever known. Over the past weeks, Jason had been hinting to Graybill that The Program's parameters needed some improving. Graybill, a mousy little man, had frowned behind his large spectacles and muttered that he was having second thoughts. Jason's tactful reminders that not co-operating would insure him a long prison stretch always induced the little man to promise forthcoming results.

The little man seemed startled as he saw Jason walk in. "How has work on our little, ahh, project been going, Graybill?" Jason asked, seating himself next to him.

Graybill cleared his throat. "Mr. Gordon," he began. "I'd like to first start off by saying . . ."

Jason held up his hand and cut him off. He didn't want to hear any shit. Just results. "Listen, you little bastard," he said, keeping his voice down and a smile on his face for the benefit of any onlookers, "I want those changes and I want them *now*, or you are right up shit creek with no paddle in sight. Get my meaning?"

The little man shivered noticeably. Sweat beaded his brow. "The revised Program is completed," he finally said. "But there are certain dangers."

"Such as?" Jason asked impatiently. He had a suspicion Graybill was trying to stall him.

"Well, Mr. Gordon, in order to write the kind of exotic program you wanted, I had to use what we call 'fractals'. Fractal equations are very new and untried. They are at the cutting-edge of computer programming. Anything can happen."

Jason frowned. The little shit was trying to snow him with doubletalk. "In short, you're just having second thoughts. Is that what it is, Graybill, an attack of conscience?" Jason laughed. "If I were you, I'd worry about doing 20 years in the Scrubs."

The little man cringed. "I'll expect the new Program in place by *tonight*, Graybill," Jason said. "Do it the same way as last time." Graybill nodded timidly. Jason left the room with a satisfied smirk. Satisfaction was the name of his game. Hunger demanded it.

continued on page 85

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MAG CODE CI

isabelle

Photographs by Stephan Jourdane

Despite her unusual looks, Isabelle is an English thoroughbred. Born in the sleepy town of Marlborough she spent her formative

years frolicking a

surrounding fields, he

horses and generally

g

She was and still is a co

at heart, and it upset her

when, at the age o

moved to Nairobi,

father, an architect, h

assigned a large and prestigious contract. 'I missed England so much,' she confesses. 'My only compensation was that there were all these black guys running around with their dongs hanging out. Some of them looked like tripods!'

She returned to Blighty at the age of 18, with vivid memories of Africa to keep her company. Now, at 20 years old, she reflects on her upheaval philosophically: 'It certainly opened my eyes,' she reflects. 'There will always be a big part of Africa in me.' ♣

isabelle

club

December 1987

club Chance

Alright, alright, we know what you're going to say – this lady's been in Club before so how come she's in *Club Chance* if she's already a model? Well, if you'd just let us explain. You see, what happened was this . . . er . . . just as we were about to put the piccies in a few issues ago they went AWOL. Several weeks later they emerged, having been wedged unceremoniously between the editorial toaster and a packet of

Photos by Charles Haydn

Jammy Dodgers. The Ed liked them so much that he insisted they still go in – so here they are. Better late than really really late as we always say . . .

Amanda Skempton, until recently, used to work in the architectural maze of London's Barbican,

which could be why she's quaffing back a drinkie of the non-alcoholic variety. According to her, staying clear-headed was an essential part of her job as she spent most of her day calling in on various clients. But now, as our pictures show, she's glad all that's behind her: as we're sure most of you are as well 'cos she's got a luverly little tush. ♣

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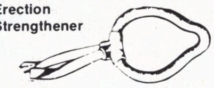

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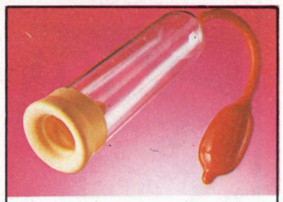

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TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

I was once in the police service overseas, and when I moved to England I applied to the Met for a job, but I wasn't accepted.

I only fancy women who are in "The Job", as the coppers call it, and of course I have no way of meeting them. The result is that now my sex life consists only of fantasies about policewomen. Since this is the best I can offer, I'd like to share my favourite fantasy with Club readers. It's fairly explicit – but perhaps that's just because I know in my heart of hearts that it will probably never come true. Well, here goes:

I'm a desk sergeant, and a new WPC arrived at our local nick called Sandra.

The other morning, the dog handler brought Jason in to see her, the Drug Squad's demon sniffer-Labrador. She's dog-crazy, Sandra, and when she got down on her haunches to give old Jason's ears a rub, I could see right up her skirt.

Oh my Christ, did I get a rollicking hard-on! Her stockingtops finished right at the tops of her thighs – just how I like a girl to wear them for sex – and her little black panties were drawn up so tight over her honeypot, I could see the indentation of her vulva. Seeing her squatting there, airing her young cunt and stroking the dog, was like watching the opening sequence in a filthy video, and I imagined a couple of studs getting her on a bed and licking her out. I got so turned-on, I was half tempted to slip out for a crafty wank. Whoever had his face up Sandra's baby-doll each Friday night was one lucky bastard.

As luck would have it, I only had to wait a couple of days for treat number two. I was on late shift with Sandra, and about three in the morning a couple of lads radioed in to say they were bringing in a violent drunk. He seemed placid enough at first, but when I produced the charge sheet he went berserk. We wrestled him to the floor, a young DC and I, but he was still thrashing and kicking. It was the young WPC who came to the rescue, sitting on his chest and holding his head back by his hair. Her curvy little arse was only an inch or two from the nutter's crotch, and once again I was treated to a view of her knickers. They were white, this time, and two little stray tufts of pubic hair curled around the crotch. God, I was so close, I could almost have sniffed her.

TALKIN' BLUE

Once again my dirty mind ran riot, and I imagined her riding the piss artist's prick, while I stood over her, giving her tits a good shake and being gobbled off. Shit, if I'd had my way, we could have had a regular spunk party.

Unfortunately, assistance was on its way, and the young WPC was able to clamber off the detainee with nothing worse than a ripped blouse to remember him by. However, this time round she knew damn well I'd seen her drawers, and as she stood and dusted herself down, she gave me a sly little wink. So it looked like there was hope, yet.

When I went off-duty and walked across the yard to my motor, Sandra was there waiting for me, sitting astride her Yamaha in her little denim skirt, gunning the engine. She was grinning, broadly.

"You saw my saucy bits just then, didn't you?" she said.

"Fucking right I did," I replied. "Bloody lovely they looked, and all!"

"You're like me," she continued. "Like it kinky, don't you?"

My pulse quickened as the conversation continued, both of us trying our level best to out-shock the other.

"You're no good for me, anyhow," I said. "I only like the heavy stuff: sucking-off, gang-bangs, blue movies, and that."

"Yeah? How straight can you get!" she teased. "If you were a *really* dirty bugger, you wouldn't hesitate to try and pick me up. I mean, how long does a girl have to wait? It's not as if I'm wearing knickers or anything!"

So saying, she hopped off her bike and pointed to a damp patch on the saddle, a little glistening circle of juice. Sandra said if I couldn't bring myself to get down on my hands and knees and lick it clean, no way was I going to be invited back to her flat for a pre-breakfast fuck. I wheeled the bike between my car and the wall, and licked that saddle till my mouth was dry. I didn't look around or hesitate once, although a rhythmic, rasping sound directly behind me told me Sandra's hand was up her skirt, having a good old wank.

Still I licked, imagining the clean, perfumed, dick-hungry slit and the neat, puckered little bumhole that had seconds previously been resting on that seat. My, how she must have enjoyed those rough country roads!

What is it that makes a man so horny in the mornings? I followed Sandra home, eyes glued to her tight little denimed arse, imagining her riding naked, her buttocks wobbling indecently. And still my prick was at full mast.

She made coffee, and we sat at her kitchen table, all of a sudden a little bit embarrassed. Then, by way of breaking the ice, Sandra asked what I thought about when I tossed-off at night.

"Put a slug of brandy in there," I said, passing my mug and pointing to the half-bottle of Martell on the shelf behind her, "and I'll tell you."

I summoned up all my courage and told her my favourite fantasy: Sandra, her tunic open, skirt off, knickers down, stockings, shagging herself, groaning: groaning, that is, as best she was able, considering two huge pricks (one black, one white) were in her kisser.

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On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

And to top it all off, a gorgeous, punked-out dyke with 44-inch tits, holding her (Sandra's) cunt open with one hand, clitting her off with the other.

Sandra got so excited by my stream-of-consciousness smut, she whipped her skirt up and gave me a long, lewd flash of her cunt. Her pubes were docked, nice and neat, and her little lips were so trim and virgin-like (not puffy and pouting, like a well-shagged trollop's) there was no way she could have had dick for at least a week. She masturbated eagerly.

"Would you like me to dress up for you?" she asked.

"Fucking hell, would I!" I replied, feeling my cock start to juice a bit of clear stuff, and making a mental note to change my briefs when I got home!

Sandra showed me through to the lounge, disappearing into the bedroom for what seemed like an eternity. I got undressed, but I felt sort of foolish, sitting there bollock naked on the sofa, sporting a full bronk but clutching a cup of coffee with a Ginger Nut balanced on the saucer. I must have looked a right prat.

A hand emerged from around the bedroom door and dimmed the lights. In she came, like an Eros Centre brothel girl into a sex cubicle, wiggling her arse. Gone was the denim outfit and austere street shoes, in their place a pair of wickedly high-heeled courts. She'd changed into black stockings and suspenders – no panties – and a regulation white cotton blouse was opened to reveal a bulging, black nylon bra. And to set it all off, the Met Pol hat and chequered cravat. She looked hugely fuckable.

"You can just cum all over me, if you don't want to be bothered," she suggested, standing astride my knee, hands on hips.

"Oh, I want to be fucking bothered, all right!" I said, stroking my prick. "Where do I start? That's what I want to know!"

Sandra bent her knees and lowered her bum until her wet cunt came to rest on my knee. Balancing herself by clutching my shoulders, she proceeded to rub-off against it, more like a randy dog than a sexy young lady. I only hoped my prick would be big enough to make her happy.

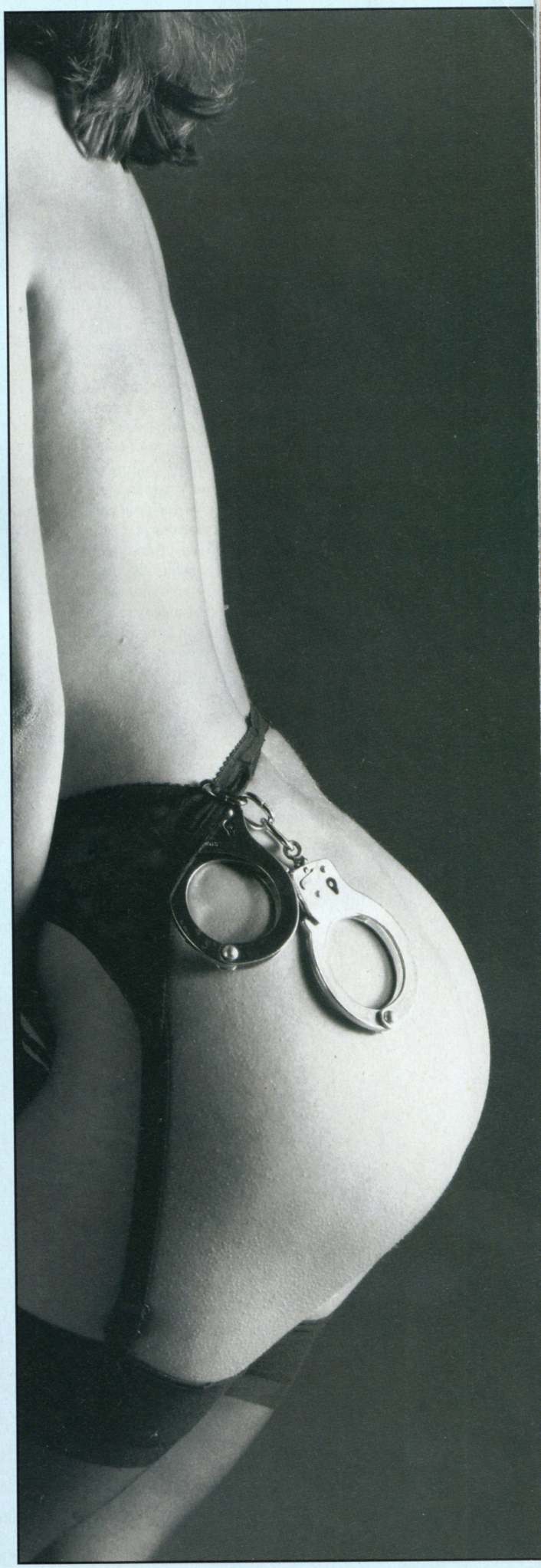
"Well, suppose you could start by ripping off my bra and sucking my tits," she said, naughtily.

The bra came away like it was tissue paper, and I chucked it aside. And Christ, what a pair of tits they were, too! Big, full, round, rubber-nippled fuckers that would have been more at home on a porno star's chest than a humble WPC's. Grabbing her tight, curvaceous little arse, I pulled her close and sucked voraciously on her ever-swelling nipples, till they stood out on her orbs, all rosy and glistening like a pair of wet strawberries.

"Kinky!" she pleaded, "I want it kinky!"

"I'll give you fucking kinky!" I said, reaching down, squeezing her clit between my thumb and forefinger and giving it a quick, hot little wank. "Get your arse over the back of that armchair and spread 'em!"

I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled her face to mine, pushing my tongue down her throat as I continued the cunt-stroking, and she thrust her hips forward in response, so that we made cock-pussy contact for the very first



On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

time. I got the feeling she wanted to sit on it there and then, but no way: I've always been a rear-entry man.

As my favourite WPC dutifully leaned forward over the chair-back, her hat toppled off and her tits dangled. All propped-up on those ridiculously high heels, she was every cocksman's ideal wank fodder, and I took a few slow, studied laps of the chair, gloating unashamedly and rolling my foreskin back and forth.

Finally, I knelt on the carpet directly behind Sandra and spread her lovely buttocks, half tempted to take her up on her "cum all over me" offer. But no, if my stuff was going to go anywhere, it was going to go up her, not over her. I got up off my knees and, still stroking her, eyed her privates. I slipped two straight fingers up her, and she wiggled her bum in appreciation. Christ, what a raver!

"Suck me off!" she wailed. "Lick me out! Dribble into me! Take some dirty pictures! You'll find a Polaroid in my dressing table drawer. Just do something, any fucking thing! God, I want your prick so bad!"

I tell you, it was like listening to the rantings of a nymphomaniac. Now I think about it, I suppose she was giving me the dirty spiel just to make me hurry up and rump her, but I was more than happy biding my time. I got back down on my knees to have one final gander at her glorious sex. It looked so delicious, framed by her black silk stockingtops, I could have shot my lot just by pushing my mouth up between her goodies and wanking myself off. But what was the point in rushing things?

I decided I'd tease her; jiggling my knob around just an inch or so inside her, then pulling it out; one-fingering, two-fingering, three-fingering her, then shoving my prick all the way up her . . . then withdrawing, holding her lips open, sticking my tongue up her, and wiggling it around inside her until she was almost crying, she wanted my cock so bad. I then went round to the front of the chair, knelt on the cushion, cupped her boobs, and she gobbled me off with such gusto, she might have been on Spanish Fly.

"Just imagine, Sandra," I said, as she sucked. "My prick in your mouth like this, and some big feller rogering your arse off from behind. I reckon you'd go for that, wouldn't you? You gorgeous little tart, you!"

She nodded, grinning radiantly, her gob chock-full of burgeoning dick. There was no doubt about it; she was a wet dream fantasy come true.

Oh, sod it! I thought, feeling my bollocks tighten. Enough of this sodding about! I was going to have to shag her, now or never. I went back to the armchair, Sandra's arse end looking more delectable than ever.

Not touching her, nor even giving her the slightest clue what was coming her way, I took hold of my prick, aimed it at her slippery-wet opening, got to within a quarter-inch of her – and slapped it up her to the hilt.

"You dirty bastard!" she panted. "Shag me, then! Go on, as hard as you can! I could take three big dicks, the way I feel right now!"

That's why I like doing it from behind best of all; not only does it drive the ladies out of their tiny minds, but you get such a bloody marvellous view! And Sandra was no exception.

Standing there between her thighs, gripping her hips like the proverbial bike handlebars, I slowly withdrew my hard-on until only the knob was left up her. My shaft was glistening with her juice, and my veins bulged, I was so big for her. I didn't reckon I could hold back a lot longer, and I was fighting a losing battle trying to keep my strokes nice and slow.

I decided to try and maintain a medium pace, but the sight of the WPC's slender, purplish labia clinging wetly to my slippery dick was such a powerful visual stimulus, I changed up a gear. Now I was really motoring, well past the point of no return, my balls slopping against her clit each time I upped her.

Pushing her bum out to meet my thrusts, Sandra gripped the chair-arms so hard, her knuckles were white. She started wailing and moaning as her excitement reached fever pitch, and my thrusts became so hard and fast, the flesh of her bottom rippled in response to my jabs.

Now I was really into my stride, thrusting into her ripe young cunt with all the energy I could muster, with two big handfuls of female bum to spur me on. As I maintained my grip I started to deliberately shake and wobble it, like the crude bugger I am once I get going.

All of a sudden, my bollocks tightened up really hard and my cock flexed in anticipation of releasing the first salvo. It felt like there was a pint of the stuff ready to unload.

"There! There!" I panted – and promptly blew my load. I was going at her at such a rate of knots I was almost totally out of control. My dick slipped out of her and I shot a huge, energy-sapping string of jism over her arse and half-way up her back. At the same time, she gasped in orgasm.

We've been "meeting up" for the occasional crafty one ever since, Sandra and I. She's taken to going on duty (or should I say coming on duty?) knickerless, getting her rocks off sitting at her desk and giving me saucy flashes when the lads aren't around. It might not be a case of "romance, so divine", the thing this "young copper" and I have got going, but it's bloody good fun. – *Bill*

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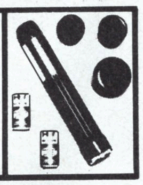

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Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

I'm an A & R lady in the music business. I have a very smart suite of offices, and I'm doing alright. I'm in my late 20s and my friends say I should start to think about settling down. Quite frankly, if I had to play with the same prick each night, I'd die of boredom.

Once a month I check out the London pub rock circuit – The Mean Fiddler, The Greyhound, the old Golden Lion, wherever – to catch the new acts. A while back I was listening to a stunning new soul band at the King's Head, itching to sign them, but my old adversary at a rival record company beat me to it, and he was cock-a-hoop. I called him all kinds of cunts and arseholes – in true music biz tradition! – and he got incredibly uptight.

He followed me out to the Ladies and cornered me by the payphone. As per usual, he reeked of booze. "Know what I'd like to do to you?" he said, all bulgy-eyed. "Get your knees apart and drain my bollocks all over you!"

I called him a pig and slapped his face, but before I could stop him, he grabbed two big handfuls of my arse, swung me around, and pinned me up against the wall, jerking his crotch into my belly. He was strong as an ox, and he had a hard-on.

"You want that poxy band, they're yours," he leered. "Stand us a £250 slap-up at the Mirabelle and a screw in your office, and you can have 'em."

"Fuck you!" I said, trying to wriggle free.

"That's it, then," he said, shoving his hand up my skirt, squeezing his finger between my thighs and pushing two square inches of black silk up my cunt. "I'll pick you up one o'clock Wednesday."

To let an oversexed oaf like this guy do the business with you, you've either got to be very frustrated, very stupid, or very drunk. He's 6'4" tall, weighs all of 16 stone, and Tin Pan Alley gossip has it he deliberately leaves his cock unwashed when going out on dates. It figured.

During lunch he squeezed my knees under the tablecloth, and proceeded to get totally blitzed on vintage fizz, inviting me to follow him out to the Gents and hold it for him (I need hardly add, I declined) and clumsily fingerfucked me in the back of the cab in a traffic jam on the way back to the office. I closed my eyes and pretended he was Rutger Hauer and pulled up my skirt for him to get a good look at my fancy new knickers and stockingtops, at which the cabbie started hammering on the glass partition, threatening to "pitch us both out in the bleedin' street".

It was the first time I've ever fucked a man I find almost totally repulsive. I gave my secretary the afternoon off, locked the office door, and did a little striptease for Graham to wank-off to. Unfortunately, he didn't come. I showed him my tits, then my sexy white lacy knickers, but it wasn't till I opened my legs that his prick grew really big. It dribbled, too. I'm positive he could tell I found him revolting, and I'm equally positive he found that exciting. Finally I peeled my knickers off and lay on the carpet in my shoes and stockings, opening my legs so wide he could see both holes.

"That's one hell of a big prick," I said, flatteringly, two-fingering myself to try and get in the mood, then holding out my slippery fingers for him to lick. "Why don't you come over here and stuff it up me?"

There was no way Graham was going to be dirty-talked into spunking up the back of his hand. Instead, he sat beside me in Gina's typing chair, trousers round his ankles, with his prick (clean!) in my mouth and his fingers up my sloshy cunt. I sucked him till my mouth was so full of yuk, it overflowed and trickled down my chin, and Graham insisted I spit it out into the palm of his hand, so he could massage it into my boobs. It's always been a sleazy business, has rock'n'roll! – *Eleanor*

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

In 1965 I enlisted with the U.S. Army after graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with an honours degree in Applied Maths. The Army was experiencing problems with its computerisation programme, and I was among the first of a new wave of "hi tech soldiers". Unfortunately, when you're in the Army it doesn't matter if you peel potatoes or design defence radar systems, you still have to undergo basic training. Because of my high level of qualifications, they didn't lay the Private Benjamin trip on me, but I still had to undergo the mandatory ten weeks of "square bashing" (as you call it here in the UK) and small arms training.

A bulldyke corporal was put on my case when it was discovered I'd taken to going AWOL on Friday nights, and she made my life hell. Her name was Carla, an old school disciplinarian, and if that wasn't bad enough, she had the hots for me.

One morning, Carla caught me on the parade ground with a bangle on my wrist and my top tunic button undone. She pulled up alongside me in her fancy big Jeep. Then checking we were alone, tore my tunic all the way open to see if I was wearing the Army regulation bra. I wasn't. She mocked me, saying my tits were like apples and that I was much too skinny "to ride the big dicks". She had her knees either side of the steering wheel, and her skirt had ridden up so high, I caught the faint smell of her sex. I daren't look down, because I was sure she was trying to expose her pussy.

The rest of the platoon were off on a cross-country marathon, and there didn't seem much hope of rescue in the deserted drill yard. Worse than this, I found myself getting turned-on. I tried to tell myself it wasn't happening, that this side of my nature didn't exist, but the fact of the matter was I hadn't had anything up my pussy – dick, tongue, fingers, whatever – in five weeks, and I was horny as hell. And Carla sensed it.

She ordered me to sit on her jeep bonnet and hike up my skirt. She opened her tunic and exposed her breasts to me, cupping them and making masturbatory gestures with her nipples, crowing about how "better

hung" she was than me, and urging me to stroke them. Then she put her stockinged knee up between my thighs, pushing hard against my gaping cunt. It was such a hot day, I'd left my panties in my kit closet.

Not content with this, the Corp ground her knee around, separating my labia and making my clit slew out of its hood. I can't deny it; the sensation of my little pinky chafing against Carla's sheer silk stockinged knee was just exquisite. I started to tremble, all over.

The old bull was really getting into her routine. She had me sit with my knees up, baring my cunt and holding my petals open. Jesus, if we'd been caught, we'd have been put on a charge, no doubt about it. Carla became very agitated, frigging herself under her skirt, then lifting it and getting her rocks off doing dirty things with her slit while I watched.

It was when Corp noticed my non-regulation shoes, she really went apeshit. "What are you?" she hissed. "A soldier or a friggin' streetwalker?" But her anger quickly subsided when I took her hand and guided three rigid fingers into my cunt. Sure, it was incongruous, squatting there with my ass on the burning hot hood, with Carla's fingers up me to the knuckles, but suddenly I just didn't care. I sucked her nipples and slipped my hand into the crack of her ass, whispering in her ear to "get heavier".

In the back of the Jeep I wriggled between Carla's thighs and put my tongue up her cunt. My mouth still glued to her, she wriggled between the seats and produced a dildo from the glove compartment. She greased it with KY Jelly, and leered at me, lecherously.

I spread my thighs in anticipation, but at that precise point we were distracted by the sound of Company Platoon returning from exercise, and we hurriedly made ourselves decent. Carla hand-fucked me to orgasm on three subsequent occasions, but since leaving the Army I'm pleased to report I've reverted to hard cocks for gratification, the only exception being a three-way dyke scene I performed with two attractive young girls at a sex party – but that was for my boyfriend. – *Linda*

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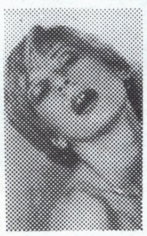

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Rock Around The Cock

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

I had to drive down from Doncaster the other night: it had been a day of boring meetings, but alright for me in the end. They took me to an indifferent restaurant – or maybe I thought it was indifferent because I refused to have a drink. Wanted to get back, you see. So I hit the A1 and twiddled the knobs on the radio trying to find something to smooth me along. And suddenly I was listening to *Yellow Submarine*! That silly song always brings back the '60s for me, just as if it were all yesterday. I put my foot down, found a comfortable cruising speed and let the memories wash over me . . .

. . . *we all live in a yellow submarine*! I remember one party, up in Belsize Park somewhere I think it was, when we sang it all night, chanting, stamping, trying to dance. That was where I met Angela. Her hair was dead straight with a parting and razor cut so one wing fell across her cheek. Very Mary Quant but very sexy, too. When she tossed it away to deliver one of her evil sideways looks she didn't invite, or seduce – no, she *challenged*. And I never turned down that kind of challenge.

I think she was the only one there not wearing a mini-skirt, clever bitch drawing attention to herself in that trailing floor-length kaftan thing with her beads and no bra. You could see her little round tits dead clear under the cotton, moving slightly as she talked and laughed. She said she wore long skirts because she didn't like her legs. I was in a position to tell her they were a bit of alright before the night was through.

All the girls wore mini-skirts then. I must have been nearly 21 and still a virgin, to my shame. Everyone else seemed to be getting their end away except me. But those skirts! It was a revelation. All my young life I'd been used to girls wearing nice cotton frocks and knee-length skirts. To see any leg you'd have to go to the seaside or the theatre. And then – there they all were, the world was full of young girls with legs going up to their shoulders, flashing 'em down the King's Road, in The West End, even in the City itself. My mate, Pete, he had a reputation for being so polite. He'd always stand back and let a girl on the bus before him. But it was just so he could follow her upstairs and get a flash of her knickers.

They didn't care. In fact they flaunted it. And remember those boots? Not the sort of solid leather boots girls wear these days, but boots made out of some thin supple substance which they could roll right up to mid-thigh. Get a girl in a mini and those boots and that few inches of flesh on view provided me with wank material for months.

There seemed to be clubs and discos all over the place, pounding away the Beatles, the Stones and all that lot. We'd dance all night – not drinking much, we didn't drink a lot in those days. Maybe because we were young and we got the adrenalin going in other ways. There were girls in see-through crochet dresses, leather dresses, even chainmail shifts that left nothing to the imagination. There were black girls, too. Now that was really something; sleek, sinuous black girls with hair piled high and tumbling down their backs and dancing like you always thought they could.

I did get my end away. It

Rock Around The Cock

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

was with that Angela after the party in Belsize Park, Dead easy it was. I found out she lived a couple of streets away and I offered to walk her home and I got asked in for coffee. It was a little bed-sit place, but the coffee turned out to be brandy and before I knew where I was we were wrestling on her narrow bed. She wasn't wearing anything under that kaftan. I was excited but a bit nervous. It was going to be my first time and my hands were everywhere, feeling her tits and stroking her backside as she wriggled up against me. Somehow she managed to slip out of the robe and she was writhing on the bed, moaning and tossing that hair about. Her nipples had got hard and stood out like corks and when I got my hand on her cunt it was warm and wet and sort of squashy. It was all over very quickly. She undid my trousers and grabbed my cock. I had a raging hard-on so all she had to do was work herself around it. I felt it sink in and started pushing and came almost at once.

It was better later. Angela showed me how to take my time, and she told me all those neat little spots that turn a woman on if you touch them. We didn't fall in love or any crap like that. In fact we didn't even make a second date. That was another thing about those days, the girls seemed just as casual about one night stands as the guys.

But she'd given me enough tips to make sure I handled the next lay better. I might be wrong, but I think that was Charley, one of those tall arrogant blondes with huge tits, a slim waist, small backside and long, long legs. She wore her hair parted down the middle and just hanging in a long curtain almost down to her waist. You don't see many like that these days – knowing but natural.

I wanted to impress her, so I blew nearly a whole week's salary on two black market tickets for a big Four Tops concert. It was well worth it, everyone was there – Beatles, Stones, the Animals, Georgie Fame, Cilla Black, the lot. By the end we were all dancing in the aisles. Charley was beside herself; I could have done anything with her – and very nearly did.

We went back to my place which wasn't all that marvellous, but alright. I grabbed her when we got inside and started kissing her face and neck, pulling her up to me so she could get a feel of the big strong frame and of what was starting to happen down below. I thought she'd be a bit coy but not a bit of it. She was the first bird who ever put her tongue in *my* ear! On the bed in no time. Charley out of her clothes,

lying there like a swastika, arms and legs stretched out, her huge breasts spreading up to her chin, that tuft of dark gold hair between her legs thrust up, beckoning me. I stripped quickly, pleased at the way my dong stood out as I knelt over her. "Go down on me," she said. I'd never heard the expression before but I knew instinctively what she meant and I almost literally dived on her muff. The smell hit me first – not a bit like they say in bad jokes. No way. Strong, but spicy and very female. I growled in my throat and set my tongue to work on her, running along the edges of her cunt-lips, finding her clit for a few quick flicks and then pushing inside. Charley was lapping it up, writhing on the bed and sort of yelping. I reached up to grab her tits and pinched her nipples gently between my fingers. Then she was on the move again, pushing me aside. I wondered what was wrong, but nothing was.

Next I knew I was on my back and she was kneeling on top, her beautiful arse suspended over my face. I watched it slowly coming down towards me. My mouth opened and my tongue was hanging out as I saw that pink, dripping pussy aimed at me. And just as it wrapped itself round my mouth and chin, I felt her lips touching my cock, softly and tentatively at first but then with more urgency. I could feel her sucking it into her mouth further and further until I thought she was going to swallow it. She worked hard, licking and sucking like that. And so did I and I could feel her heavy tits flopping against my belly which turned me on more and more. I held her thighs and tongue-fucked her with all my strength and suddenly I knew I was getting to the point of no return. I broke away and warned her, but she didn't break her stride, just sort of shook her head, rested even more firmly on my face and used all the softness of her mouth and firmness of her sucking to force me to explode. She swallowed the lot. When people started to talk about "deep throating" years later I always smiled to myself and remembered Charley.

Actually we did stay together for a bit. I fucked her later that night and she seemed to like it enough. And I had my own bird.

Whenever I hear *Yellow Submarine* I catch a quick flash of me and Charley walking down the King's Road on a sunny day, hand in hand. Her in a white mini-dress, her long blonde hair swinging, me in my flares and white silk shirt. Then came the '70s and everything changed for good. If you didn't live through it you can't understand, but there'll never be such an exciting time again.

– Johnny ♣

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Nigel had been working late most nights as a Computer Programmer. I'd nearly given up hope when he answered the phone that week-end ... We met, and thanks to Datalink, were married on April 4th.

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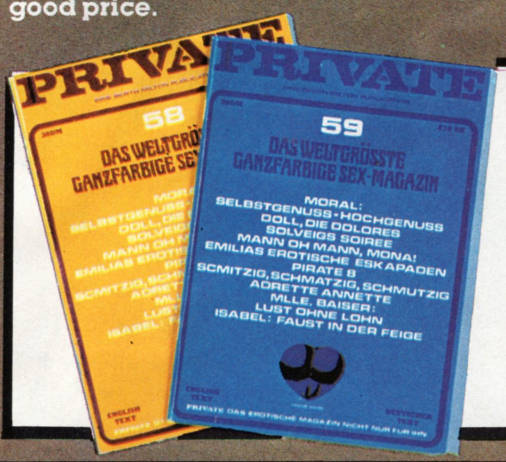

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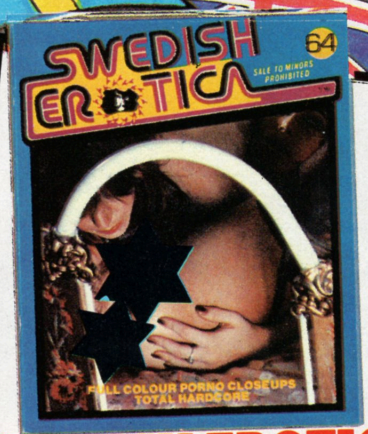

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Club photographer Haydn admitted he was the most frustrated man alive after having guided reader Bill Spence through a photo session with his girlfriend, Heather.

"As a photographer, I really enjoy an assignment with a good girl who knows how to react to the camera," he wailed into his beer. "Heather was brilliant in that respect, so it was a shame in a way that I was mostly there to advise. I'd have loved to have had a full session with her.

"Mind you, it was still a pleasure to watch, and her professionalism certainly made Bill's task a lot easier. All he needed to do, really, was to press the shutter." Saucers of milk to this office, please, marked for the attention of C Haydn.

It's true, though: for a girl who's only ever posed for her and Bill's private collection before, 21-year-old Heather – a trainee negotiator with an estate agent in Glasgow – is bloody good at getting we men to go: "Cor-blimey-she's-a-bit-of-all-right-then-wouldn't-

Photographs by Charles Haydn and Bill Spence

mind-getting-me . . .” You know what we mean.

Bill, a technically good photographer who’s probably very good at taking pictures of interesting buildings or steam engines, proved to be “a bit straight and narrow”, in Haydn’s words, when it came to taking erotic pictures of his missus. Charlie soon got him to experiment a bit though, as you can see . . .

Heather couldn’t say enough good things about her Club experience. “Oh, I could definitely get to like this! I really enjoyed myself, knowing the pictures were going to appear in Club. That was enough to really get me going, because I knew I’d only have one go at getting it right. Mind you, I think Bill’s really hard to please, and I usually always manage to give him a hard-on when I pose for him.” We can well imagine, H.

So, girls! Do you like giving men erections? Does the

prospect of having 1,000,000 lechers giving you the once-over make you go all weak at the knees? Then get Him Indoors to send in a few piccies. After we've all had a good belly laugh at the dubious standard of his photography, we might choose you to receive the attentions of the C-Team. Write to us at Shoot Your Girl, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

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The Pussy Program

continued from page 42

Jason spent the rest of the day fantasizing about how the new Program would give him even more of the sex he craved. There was something, after all, to what George Bernard Shaw had once said about hell being nothing more than having your every wish fulfilled instantly for the rest of eternity. It was enough to drive you insane. After months of having his every erotic desire satisfied at the touch of a few buttons on his computer keyboard, Jason needed more. He was growing bored. But Graybill was a genius. Though his contribution to the enhancement of human sexuality would go forever unknown, he was a genius nevertheless. Jason had complete faith in the little man. He knew The Super Program would be perfect.

But, in all truthfulness, it was Jason who deserved some of the credit as well. It was he who had helped define the new Program's parameters. And it was he, as well, who came up with the imaginative concept of programming himself as well as the women he fucked via a computer. Jason had reasoned that if a hypnotic suggestion could make the women he programmed become insatiable sex fiends, his own sexual powers could be increased as well. While at first balking at this, Graybill soon became interested. "Yes," he had muttered, scribbling a series of calculus equations. "It's theoretically possible."

Now, Jason's anticipation was so great he could taste it as he went into his office, shut the door and sat down at his computer console to access The Super Program. After logging-in his code, the new menu flickered to life on the console screen. Graybill had done it. He had only needed some friendly "persuasion". Jason held the detachable computer keyboard in his lap as he sat back and contemplated the new cornucopia of sexual variations appearing on the screen.

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THE VAGINA THAT SWALLOWED BOLTON VSC

PLEASE SELECT ONE OR ALL OF THE ABOVE

What the hell was Graybill doing? Jason asked himself. These weren't the parameters he'd requested. That prat would have hell to pay, he thought to himself. On the other hand, he was hornier than a herd of bulls and some of them did seem interesting. He decided to take a chance on option number two. He typed in: IHV and waited until the screen blanked.

THANK YOU. PROGRAM EXECUTED. PLEASE SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR PROMPT

Jason watched the cursor blink on and off for a few seconds, then the prompt materialized at the centre of the screen.

PRESS RETURN KEY WHEN READY. WARNING: ACCESS THIS OPTION AT USER'S RISK

That Graybill, what was he doing? What was this "at user's risk" shit? Jason hesitated for a few long seconds wondering if he should hit the RETURN key or not. On the one hand, he had a strange foreboding about what might happen: maybe Graybill wasn't kidding about those "fractals" he was talking about. On the other, he thought about the three beautiful women, one black, one Oriental and one a tall Nordic blonde from Acquisitions he had lined up for tonight.

"What the fuck?" he said to himself, and hit the RETURN key. The screen immediately flashed to life, bathing Jason in a blinding green glow. The screen seemed to open up into a crazily spinning vortex with its centre a bottomless pit. Jason felt himself being sucked into the hole at the centre of the whirlpool. He could dimly hear the sound of alarm bells ringing furiously. But it was too late to do anything. He was spiralling down, end-over-end, tumbling into a limitless tornado.

Suddenly, the spinning stopped. Jason saw that the screen had blown itself out. Acrid smoke spewed from the shattered window of the computer console before him. His face was drenched in cold sweat. He had no idea how long he'd been unconscious. He got up and went into the bathroom and splashed some cold water on his face. Graybill would get murdered for this. It was the Scrubs for that little cheat.

As Jason rose from the sink, water in his eyes, he groped for a towel. His hands closed around two very soft, very round globes. They felt like breasts. Big, juicy breasts. The kind Jason

continued on page 98

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Nikki AT PLAY

You'll notice a big hole in this month's Club. No? Well, boys, there ain't no *Photographed by Nikki* feature in it. And before you start complaining, there's a reason for that: Nikki Downey here is shagged. In the sense of tired, that is. She's spent so much time shooting other models for us, running about like the proverbial blue-arsed fly, she'd forgotten how nice it is to lie back and let someone take the strain.

"I'd forgotten how nice it is to lie back and let someone else take the strain," she told us when we let her off her picture-

Photographs by Dwight Fox

taking duties. "I'm not saying modelling is totally easy, but it certainly isn't the headache that being a photographer can be, worrying about lighting and focus and all that.

"In fact you can just play around and let your own nature take over. And any

regular readers will know that when I let myself go something pretty sexy always seems to happen!

"I'm not writing my column here, so I'm not going to tell you just what went on while we were shooting this photoset. Perhaps you can get the message I was sending with my eyes. In any case, just use a little bit of imagination and I'm pretty sure you'll get the picture . . ." ♣

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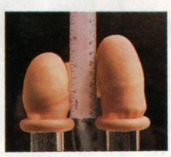

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coming in

club

Don't miss the spectacular, all-singing, all-dancing, madly-bonking next issue of Club: it's our NON-CHRISTMAS issue.

Yes, Volume 16 Number 13 is *guaranteed Christmas free*. That means no words like festive, yuletide, turkey or tinsel; no boring features about how horrible Christmas is (we all know that already); and absolutely *no* stupid pictures of women dressed as Santa Claus on the cover.

(Mind you, we have got seven of your favourite girls playing Christmas party games – including their own intriguing version of Hunt the Thimble. And we've got a Christmas quiz. And some Christmas competitions. But that's it. Honest. Unless something else sneaks in.)

No, our attitude to Christmas is this: it's all about shagging, really. Which is why we have strategically packed our NON-CHRISTMAS special with pages and pages of naked ladies; boobs, bums and the rather interesting bits between their thighs, all open for you to peruse over that long holiday period.

Reserve your copy now – the new-look Club International's going so fast that a lot of readers have been disappointed. Volume 16 Number 13 hits the shops on December 10th. Make sure you do, too, because we can guarantee you that once you and your girlfriend have read next month's book, the turkey won't be the only thing to get stuffed.♣

The Pussy Program

continued from page 85

loved to suck and fondle. He opened his eyes and looked straight into a pair of the ripest, most succulent tits he'd ever seen. The girl was the Nordic secretary he'd lined up for tonight's fuck festival. She had already stripped herself naked and was licking her lips.

"I want to fuck you, baby!" she gasped softly. Her pussy was hot and as Jason probed inside with his forefinger, he found it soaked with juices. "I want to screw you so *fucking* bad!" Jason's tool was a madly throbbing lump in his pants. Well, he thought, at least Graybill's program executed. Maybe he wouldn't throw the little cocksucker to the wolves after all. Might as well not look a gift cunt in the mouth, so to speak.

The big-boobed blonde took him into the shower and soaped his body all over, kneeling down and sucking his rod while the warm jets of water played over both their naked bodies. "Ooooh, yesss!" she gasped as she tongued his cock. "So big! So very big and juicy!"

Jason began pumping his hips, driving his now fully erect and iron-hard phallus into the secretary's feverishly sucking mouth. She was starting to make him want to come. He picked her up and turned her around so her wet, slippery bum was jutting up at him.

"Yes!" she begged. "Oh, take me from behind!"

With his cock in hand, Jason stepped behind her and grasped her buttocks firmly in his hot palms. His swollen fuckhead had trouble going into her cunt at first, but a little soaping made it slide right to the bottom. The girl gave a little gasp as the entire length of Jason's enormous rod waded deep into her body. She threw her head back in ecstasy. "Mmmmmm . . . . !" she gasped. "Fill me with your meat!"

His hands went around her soapy, jiggling breasts, and he pinched her fat nipples as he continued slamming away, violently shoving his throbbing salami into her sizzling hot-slot. She bucked against him in a fever of animalistic lust, her buttocks slapping against his balls as her cunt suddenly went into convulsions.

"Now!" she begged. "Yes!" In less than a second, the cum was spurting out of Jason's cock by the frothing, lathering gallon.

He barely had time to rest when the other two women he had programmed joined them. Laughing, the three pulled him out of the shower. They laid him on his back on his office floor and their sucking mouths made him hard again in no time. The three girls worked Jason over for hours, satisfying him beyond his wildest dreams. Draining his cock and balls of every sizzling drop of spermal fluid in them, making him come and come and come again.

The Super Program had worked! That little wimp Graybill was a genius after all, thought Jason. Still had some bugs to be worked out, though, but overall, it was a big success. Jason made a mental note to call the little genius and invite him out for a drink. But did a guy like that drink? Anyway, Jason was too fucked-out at the moment to worry. He picked himself up off his office floor and scratched his armpits, stepping over the three naked bodies sprawled in satisfied exhaustion. When he came out of the toilet, the girls were gone. Jason dressed and opened his door.

Outside, there were thousands of naked women.

They were all identical twins of the three women Jason had fucked. The black girl, the Oriental and the Nordic blonde. Multiplied hundreds of times each. And all of them with the same look of insatiable cock-hunger in their eyes . . .

The words ran round and around in Jason's mind: *Hunger demands satisfaction*.

"Graybill!" Jason screamed as the women closed in on him, each lunging for his limp, fucked-out cock. But Graybill, of course, was nowhere to be found.♣

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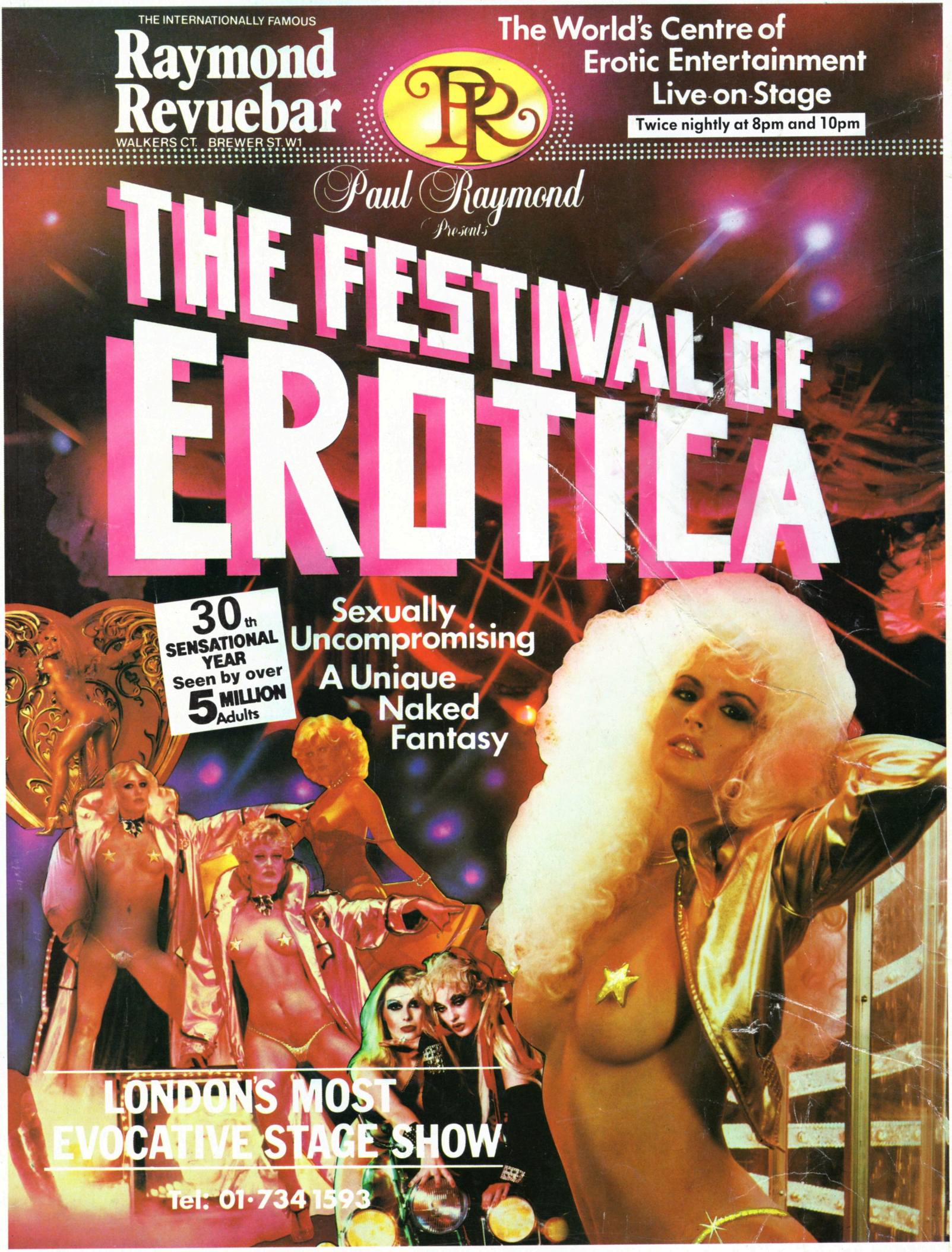
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